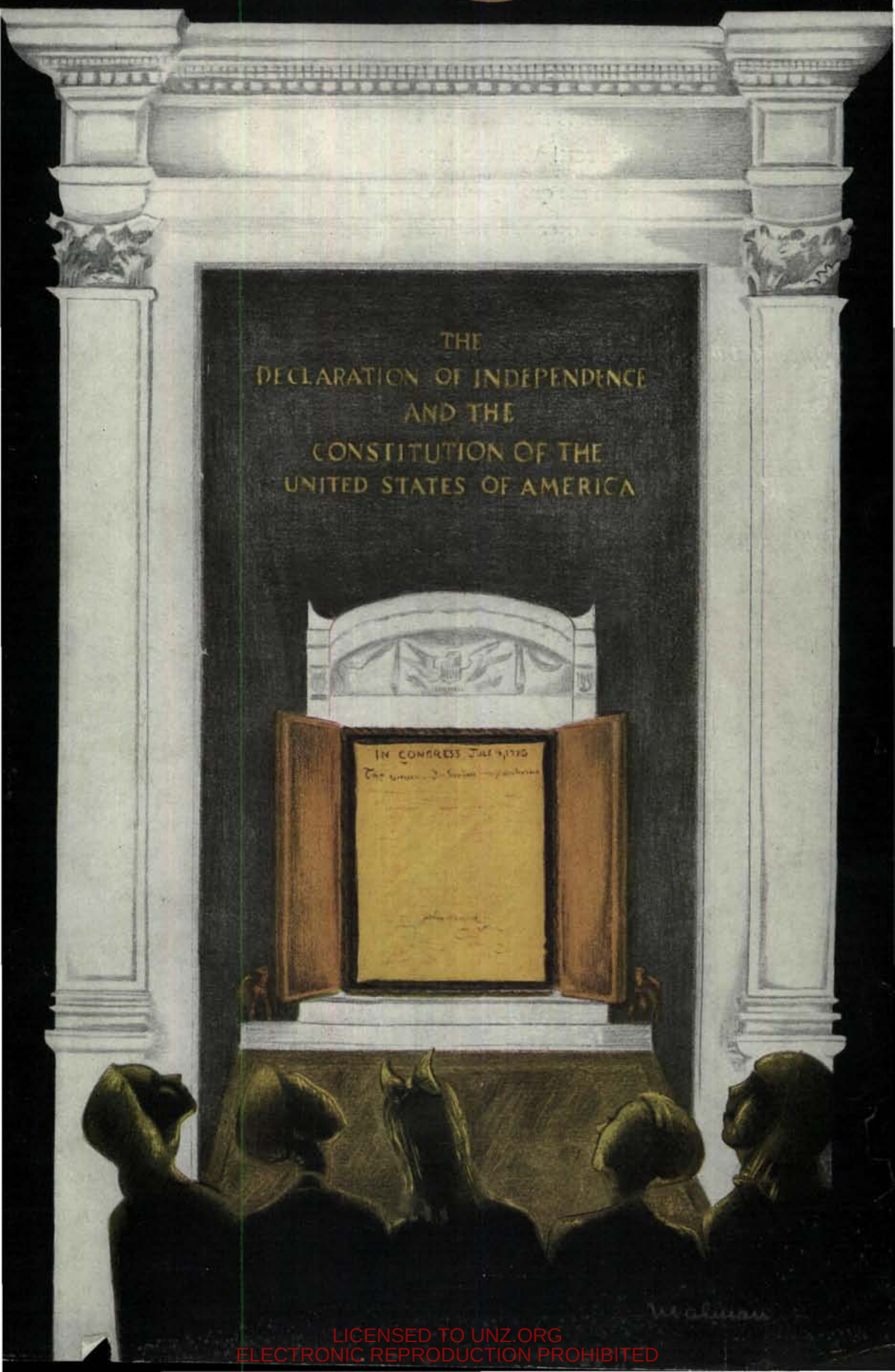
NEW YORKER



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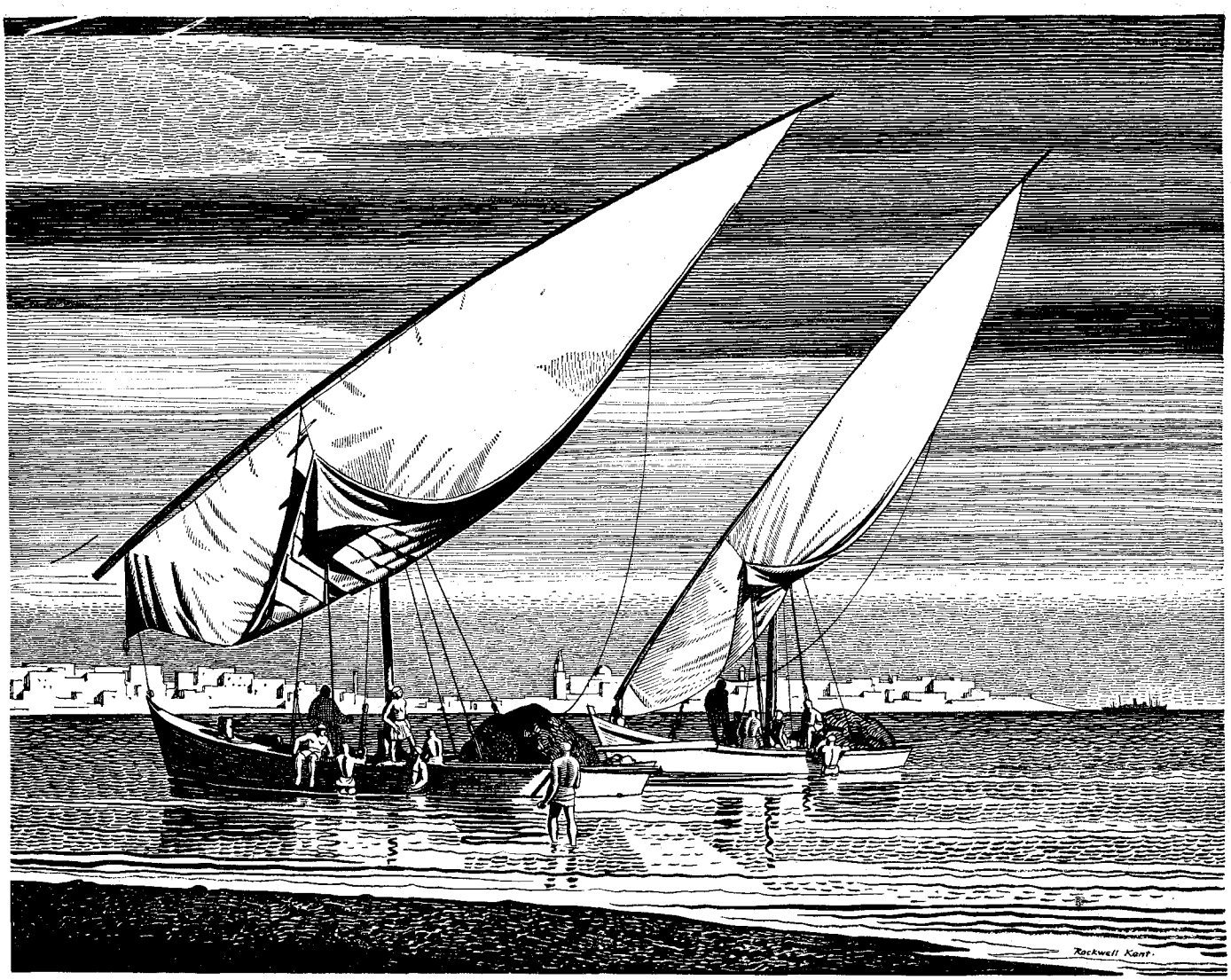

HARBOR AT ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, BY ROCKWELL KENT, FOR THE AMERICAN EXPORT LINES COLLECTION

NEW FRONTIER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(As indicated below, many shows will give special War Bond performances next week. Tickets can be obtained by buying War Bonds at any major department store. There will also be some juggling of schedules because of the July 4 holiday; and, as there may be further last-minute changes, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Hilda Simms is in the cast and Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A Bell for Adano—John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy made into a play that might be a little better without its somewhat patronizing air. Fredric March makes up for a lot, however, with the best performance he ever gave. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes for several weeks on Sat., June 30.)

Dark of the Moon—Rather nice musical fantasy about a mortal girl who gets tangled up with a witch boy. With Richard Hart. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special War Bond performance Mon. Aft., July 2, at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—One of those overpowering little girls writes letters to a soldier and gets her elder sister in quite a fix. Routine, but amusing. The cast includes Virginia Gilmore (to be replaced by Augusta Dabney on Mon., July 2), Lenore Lonergan, and Howard Smith. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Foxhole in the Parlor—Montgomery Clift as a soldier whose horror of war has temporarily unbalanced his mind. Unfortunately, Elsa Shelley's treatment isn't quite up to her theme. With Russell Hardie, Flora Campbell, and Grace Coppin. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45.)

The Glass Menagerie—Laurette Taylor magnificent as a matron who just wants to get her daughter married. Julie Haydon, Eddie Dowling, and Anthony Ross are also in Tennessee Williams' uneven but generally very effective play. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—Odd as it certainly sounds, this fantasy about a cheerful drunk and an invisible rabbit is a delight from beginning to end. Frank Fay's performance in the leading rôle is a masterpiece of restrained humor. With Josephine Hull. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

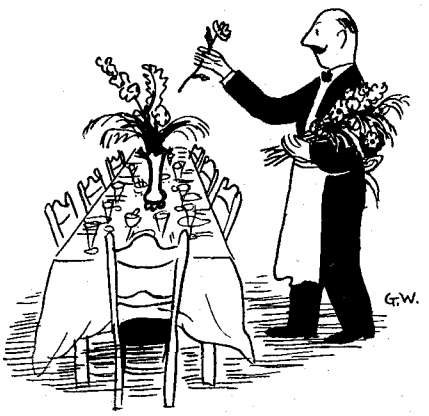
The Hasty Heart—A beautiful nurse (Anne Burr) and some sympathetic comrades humanize a crusty Scot practically on his deathbed. As written by John Patrick (and played by Richard Basehart), he doesn't seem quite worth the bother. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—The saga of a Norwegian family in San Francisco, brilliantly adapted by John van Druten from the Kathryn Forbes novel. Mady Christians, as Mama, and Oscar Homolka, as a sporty relative, are both splendid. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

The Late George Apley—An adaptation of the Marquand novel that may have been broadened and simplified a little too much but is still a very fine show. Leo G. Carroll in the title rôle is more Bostonian than Lucius Beebe. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Janet Beecher, Percy Waram, and Margaret Dale. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Special War Bond performance Thurs. Aft., June 28, at 2:40. Closes for several weeks on Sat., June 30.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Overtons—Familiar piece about one of those marriages that are always threatening to break up but somehow never do. With Judith Evelyn, June Knight, Jack Whiting, and Walter N. Greaza. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 7.

Ten Little Indians—In Agatha Christie's book everybody got killed, but in the play there are two survivors. Not terribly exciting, but still well above the general level of mystery shows. Among the doomed are Estelle Winwood and Halliwell Hobbes. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—An expert comedy by John van Druten, with a small, expert cast consisting of Betty Field, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly at 8:35. Mat. Sat. at 2:35. Special War Bond performance Fri. Aft., June 29, at 2:35. Closes for several weeks on Sat., June 30.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A great big musical about a feminist uprising in the 1860's. The book and the music are nothing you'd be likely to remember, but the sets and costumes and Agnes de Mille's ballets are very fetching. The cast includes Joan McCracken, Nanette Fabray, and Mabel Taliaferro. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Special War Bond performance Thurs. Aft., June 28, at 2:30.)

Carousel—Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II have transplanted "Liliom" to New England and set it to music with very agreeable results. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs., except July 5, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Wed., July 4, at 2:30.)

Concert Varieties—Billy Rose's attempt to uplift vaudeville is handicapped by a little too much intricate dancing but it is satisfactory enough on the whole. The acts, introduced by Deems Taylor, include the Katherine Dunham Dancers, Rosario and Antonio, Zero Mostel, and Imogene Coca. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly at 8:30. Closes Thurs., June 28.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about sailors and girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Hollywood Pinafore—George S. Kaufman has fixed Sir Arthur Sullivan up with a new book and lyrics, but many are likely to prefer the originals. William Gaxton, Victor Moore, and Shirley Booth are prominently displayed. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Special War Bond performance Thurs. Aft., July 5, at 2:30.)

Laffing Room Only!—This is the third Olsen and Johnson exhibit, and the boys seem to be running out of ideas, not to mention taste. With Frank Libuse. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs., except July 5, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Wed., July 4, at 2:30.)

On the Town—A lot of attractive, lively youngsters, including Nancy Walker, in a fine musical, mainly about three sailors and their girls. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg, as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and pleasant to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Special War Bond performance Mon. Aft., July 2, at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Romberg songs, cheerful dances arranged by Helen Tamiris, and a lot of pretty scenery and costumes do a lot to redeem a fairly pedestrian book. Noah Beery impersonates Boss Tweed, and Maureen Cannon and Wilbur Evans take care of the romance. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Special War Bond performance Fri. Aft., June 29, at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places where you will find dance music, and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice or less.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra playing its polite dance music in this cool and subterranean summerhouse.

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An old favorite, uninhabited for quite a while, is again in business, with Cardini (one of our more expert magicians), the dance team of Fred and Elaine Barry, and Henry Busse's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—To meet Miss Paula Laurence and Miss Georgia Gibbs, who have been neglecting us for too long a time. Also, Josh White and that guitar, and Edmond Hall's band.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This timeless cavern has Imogene Coca and her cantankerous comedy, jazz piano by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson, songs by Ann Hathaway, and music by Phil Moore's orchestra.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Pomp and circumstance à la carte. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For an ornate but pleasant dinner or supper to the chipper dance music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—One of our largest and most luxurious tropics, fitted out mostly with a chromium-plated clientele. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band play nonstop music.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus with his mind-reading business (very neat) is in the elegant Cotillion Room. Stanley Melba's orchestra

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXI, No. 20, June 30, 1945. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1945, by The F-R Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

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plays for dancing. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde departs from the Persian Room after Wed., July 4, and will be replaced by Walter Liberace whose fancy it is to play piano to a victrola accompaniment. Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's bands will continue to alternate on the stand. Tea dancing daily in the Palm Court.

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The way heaven would look in the hands of a good interior decorator. Reasonably celestial dance music by Paul Sparr's orchestra.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The elaborate Café Lounge presents a lot of vocal choruses accompanied by the sweet music of London's Roy Fox and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing every day.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A rather well-known playroom for the children. Ernie Holst's orchestra and a rumba band are on hand all evening.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof has a small supper show, principally Borrah Minevitch's Harmonica Rascals, for no special reason. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra provides better-than-usual dance music, and Mischa Borr's orchestra alternates with it at supper. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—**BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): comic monologues by Eddie Mayehoff and all sorts of nice music by Mildred Bailey, the Delta Rhythm Boys, and the Herman Chittison Trio. . . . **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): brightsome singing by Monica Boyar, Thelma Carpenter, and a quartet; a prodigious variety of good piano playing by Garland Wilson, José Melis, and Julius Monk. Closes for the summer on Sat., June 30. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-9322): Spivy, still talking those songs about what shouldn't happen to a dog, and Carter and Bowie's piano duets.

MISCELLANEOUS—At the **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant; Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing. . . . **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Jerry Cooper and a show full of delectable young ladies who sometimes seem tired of it all; dance music by Joe Ricardel. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peace and quiet, broken only mildly by Roger Stearns' genteel piano; no dancing. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian food that is wonderful; Russian entertainment that is—well—Russian entertainment; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): good Spanish dishes and even better Spanish music. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): Russell Swann (a fairly cerebral entertainer for this establishment) and his magicianly tricks, with Mitzi Green and Enric Madriguera's lush orchestra to help out. Upstairs in the Cabana Room, a rumba band. . . . **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): large, cool, and full of helter-skelter young people, egged on by Harry James' orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . **LINCOLN**, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Erskine Hawkins' orchestra. . . . **MADISON**, 15 E. 58 (VO 5-5000): Oscar Day's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): George Paxton's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Eddie Stone's orchestra.

Warm-weather note: Over in Brooklyn, the Marine Roof of the **BOSSERT**, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100), with its view of the harbor and its open-air deck, now has supper dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves.

•

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Russell, Miff Mole, Muggsy Spanier, and their compatriots making the temperature twenty degrees hotter inside. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): hard to tell from a hole in the ground, but nicely fitted out with Art Hodes' trio, with Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; Don Frye as solo pianist; the Lion and his Calypso songs; dancing. . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Sidney Catlett and his teammates (starting Fri., June 29) and Al Casey's new trio; dancing. . . . **ONYX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Stuff Smith's trio, and Hot Lips Page huffing, puffing, and blowing the house down. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio that includes Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing. . . . **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Dizzy Gillespie, Don Byas, and Erroll Garner in a band of their own (through Thurs., July 5).

AL FRESCO—The **CLAREMONT INN**, Riverside Dr. at 124: just for the fine view of the Hudson and dance music by Ron Perry's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN**, Central Pk. W. at 67: a small green jungle, pleasant for a summer dinner outdoors, with casual dance music now and then. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53: lunch and tea in the garden. . . . **CENTRAL PARK ZOO**: the cafeteria there is crowded on weekends but nice in midweek for a late breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés: **BREVOORT**, 5 Ave. at 8: **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL**, 5 Ave. at 9; **LONGCHAMPS**, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed Wed., July 4.)

AMERICAN—The Encyclopædia Britannica collection of contemporary art; International Bldg., Rockefeller Center. Weekdays, including July 4, 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through July 8.

AMERICAN ACADEMY, B'way at 155—Painting and sculpture by Edward Hopper, Paul Manship, and others. Daily 2 to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 29.

AUSTRIAN—A hundred years of Austrian art, from Ferdinand Georg Waldmüller to Oskar Kokoschka; a benefit for the Save the Children Federation: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Sat., July 7.

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70—The pictures and other art treasures which have been hidden away for safekeeping since we entered the war are now back in the Museum. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

GROUPS—At the **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57: old and modern paintings and drawings. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **REHN**, 683 5 Ave., at 54: Edward Hopper, Reginald Marsh, and many others. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 29. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57: painting and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, José de Creeft, and others of this group. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57: oils and water colors by contemporary American artists. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., June 29. . . . **67 GALLERY**, 67 E. 57: fourteen painters, centered about Hans Arp, in whose general style the gallery see signs of a new "ism." Daily 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 30. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: American, French, and Cuban paintings. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 8. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57: paintings by twenty-four artists who have had their first one-man shows here. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., June 30. . . . **NIERENDORF**, 53 E. 57: work by contemporaries. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 30. . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57: new paintings by artists of the gallery's group; also a few nineteenth-century works. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57: work by Rattner, Hartley, Hélion, Avery, and Weber. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 13. . . . **ART OF THIS CENTURY**, 30 W. 57: painting and sculpture by Loren MacIver, Gypsy Rose Lee, I. Rice Pereira, and other women. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., July 7. . . . **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57: paintings by around a hundred contemporary Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., July 6. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: a seasonal retrospective show by the gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 13. . . . **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57: Dufy, Utrillo, Pascin, and other French painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 14. . . . **KLEEMANN**, 65 E. 57: Corbino, Eilshemius, Bosa, and others. Thurs. and Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Sat., June 30. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington, at 61: Edward Stevens, Nye Pharr, and other young Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through July 27. . . . **LEVITT**, 16 W. 57: Oronzo Gasparo, Everett Spruce, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **FEIGL**, 601 Madison, at 57: members of this gallery's group, including De Hirsh Margules and Mariano Rodriguez. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 21. . . . **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: Sidney Laufman, Maurice Sterne, Leon Kroll, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

ARISTIDE MAILLOL—A memorial show: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 30.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Nine galleries of Greek art, newly arranged to show the development of Greek civilization; also, prints and drawings by Goya. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. and July 4, from 1 to 5 P.M.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—A large part of the Museum's collection of painting and sculpture. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. and July 4, from 1 to 7 P.M.; through Nov 4.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Kandinsky, as well as work by a good many other modern artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and July 4, from 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

FRED E. ROBERTSON—Semi-naïve paintings by Grandma Moses' brother: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through July 14.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony—André Kostelanetz conducting, Thurs., June 28; Alexander Smallens conducting, Fri. and Tues., June 29 and July 3; Franz Allers conducting, Sat. and Sun., June 30-July 1; Al Goodman conducting, Mon., July 2; Leonard Bernstein conducting, Thurs. through Sat., July 5-7. Highlights: Lily Pons, soprano, June 28; Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, June 30; Dinah Shore, contralto, July 2; Bronislaw Huberman, violin, July 5; Alec Templeton, piano, July 7. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30 P.M. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC. Fifth Avenue buses marked "Stadium" leave Washington Square at frequent intervals weekdays between 6:44 and 7:32 P.M. and Sundays between 6:31 and 7:31 P.M.)

JUILLIARD CONCERTS—Katherine Bacon, piano, Tues., July 3; Ernest Hutcheson, piano, Wed., July 4; Lonny Epstein, piano, Thurs., July 5; Marcel Grandjany, harp, Fri., July 6. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122. At 4 P.M. No tickets necessary.)

PARK CONCERTS—Central Park Mall—Goldman Band: Sun., Mon., and Fri., at 8:30 P.M. . . . Naumburg Orchestra, Richard Bales conducting, Wed., July 4, at 8:15 P.M.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Thurs., June 28, at 8:45 P.M., and Fri., June 29, at 2:30 P.M.; Giants vs. Chicago, Sat., June 30, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., July 1 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M.; Giants vs. St. Louis, Mon., July 2, at 8:45 P.M., Wed., July 4 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M., and Thurs., July 5, at 2:30 P.M.; Giants vs. Cincinnati, Fri., July 6, at 2:30 P.M., and Sat., July 7 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M. . . . **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Chicago, Thurs. and Fri., June 28-29, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Sat., June 30, at 8:30 P.M., and Sun., July 1 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Tues., July 3, at 8:30 P.M., Wed., July 4 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M., and Thurs., July 5, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Fri., July 6, at 8:30 P.M., and Sat., July 7, at 2:30 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Rocky Graziano vs. Freddie Cochrane, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., June 29; Tommy Bell vs. Jake La Motta, middleweights, 10 rounds, Fri., July 6. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

GOLF—U.S. Seniors' G.A. Annual Championship, daily through Fri., June 29, Apawamis Club, Rye, N.Y. . . . Metropolitan G.A. Amateur-Pro Championship, Sun., July 1, Montclair G.C., Montclair, N.J.

RACING—Weekdays at Aqueduct, at 1:30 P.M.,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through July 14. (Carter Handicap, June 30; Tremont Handicap and Brooklyn Handicap, July 4; Gazelle Handicap, July 7.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:05 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Sat. between 10:45 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.

SOCCER—Brookhattan vs. Hispanos and Wanderers vs. N.Y. Americans; exhibition games for the benefit of the Red Cross, Thurs., June 28, at 7 P.M. (Yankee Stadium. For tickets, call BR 9-2104.)

TENNIS—Eastern Intercollegiate Championships, daily through Sat., June 30, Montclair A.C., Montclair, N.J.

TRACK—National Senior and Junior Championships, for the benefit of the Red Cross, Fri. and Sat., June 29-30, at 2 P.M. (Randalls Island. For tickets, call BR 9-2104.)

TROTTING—Weekdays at Saratoga, N.Y., at 8:15 P.M., through Aug. 25. . . . Weekdays at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., at 8:40 P.M. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 P.M.)

YACHTING—Championship regattas on the Sound: New Rochelle Y.C., Sun., July 1; Larchmont Y.C., Wed., July 4; at about 2 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

SEVENTH WAR LOAN DRIVE—A sham attack on a Bougainville pillbox, with flame-throwers, bazookas, rocket launchers, and other equipment seldom seen by civilians: Tues., July 3, at 8 P.M. (Yankee Stadium. Tickets can be obtained by buying War Bonds at banks or motion-picture theatres. . . . "The Fighting Lady," a 103-foot model of an aircraft carrier, is on view in the Sunken Plaza of Rockefeller Center. (Purchasers of War Bonds, at the Plaza, may go on board.)

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the Germans and Japanese; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent Army and Navy films. Weekdays, including July 4, from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily, including July 4, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Central Pk. W. at 76: military miscellany—firearms, swords, flags, even diaries—dating from the French and Indian wars through the first World War. Tues. through Fri., except July 4, from 1 to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

HOUSING—Scale models and plans of modern homes designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and other leading architects: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. and July 4, from 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, 5 Ave. at 104—About a hundred prints and other memorabilia showing the work of John Stephenson, who built New York's first omnibuses, horsecars, early subway trains, and other rolling stock; also, the history of New York's police force, shown in drawings, photographs, uniforms, and documents: Tues. through Sat., including July 4, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

ON THE AIR

STATE DEPARTMENT—Archibald MacLeish and others in a discussion of our international policy, Sat., June 30, at 7 P.M., WEAF.

MAYOR LA GUARDIA—In the second of a series of talks on New York City, Thurs., June 28, at 7:30 P.M., WJZ.

MUSIC—*Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski* conducting, Sun., July 1, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Stadium Concerts, Fri., June 29 and July 6, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . Boston "Pops" orchestra, Arthur Fiedler conducting, Sat., June 30 and July 7, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., June 30 and July 7, at 5 P.M., WJZ.

SPORTS—Boxing: Rocky Graziano vs. Freddie Cochrane, Fri., June 29; Tommy Bell vs. Jake La Motta, Fri., July 6; at 10 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Wed. at 10:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Fri. at 6 P.M., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger, Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 P.M., WHN. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 7.

MOTION PICTURES

GUEST IN THE HOUSE—A very sensible adaptation of the Broadway play about an erratic girl who almost breaks up a happy family. With Anne Baxter and Ralph Bellamy. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. and Sat., June 29-30. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., June 29-July 2.)

JUNIOR MISS—Sally Benson's series about a little girl who tries to rearrange life in terms of the cinema has been very pleasantly adapted for the screen. With Peggy Ann Garner. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY—Wholesome little rich girls abroad in 1923. The treatment is light, nostalgic, and sometimes funny. With Gail Russell and Diana Lynn. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Thurs., June 28. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sat. through Mon., June 30-July 2. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Wed. through Fri., July 4-6. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Wed. through Sat., July 4-7.)

A ROYAL SCANDAL—Tallulah Bankhead, as the Empress of all the Russias, in a comedy that has probably little to do with either Catherine or history, but is pretty funny anyway. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., June 29. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; through Tues., July 3. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Tues., June 30-July 3. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., July 1-2.)

WITHOUT LOVE—Donald Ogden Stewart's version of Philip Barry's play that has practically nothing to do with the original but is very gay and charming. Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy head the cast. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Tues., July 3. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Tues., June 30-July 3. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. through Thurs., July 3-5. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., July 3-7. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Wed. through Fri., July 4-6.)

WONDER MAN—Danny Kaye plays twins in this *funny film about love, murder, and ghosts.* With Virginia Mayo and Vera-Ellen. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

NOTES—"To the Shores of Iwo Jima," a stirring and sometimes shocking documentary film of the Marines' victory in the Pacific, in Technicolor, is being shown at the Plaza, 58, E. of Madison, Sat. through Tues., June 30-July 3. . . . "Now—the Peace," a graphic and arresting short film having to do with the practical application of Dumbarton Oaks and Bretton Woods, is being shown at the following newsreel theatres: Trans-Lux, B'way at 49, and Madison at 60; through Mon., July 2; Embassy, Park at 42; Fri. through Tues., June 29-July 3; Embassy, 33 W. 50; Fri. through Thurs., June 29-July 5.

REVIVALS

ALICE ADAMS (1935)—The Booth Tarkington novel, with Katharine Hepburn and Fred MacMurray. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., June 30-July 2.)

ARROWSMITH (1931)—Sinclair Lewis' story, adapted for the screen by Sidney Howard. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri. July 6.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE (1944)—The Brooklyn poison classic. With Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, and Raymond Massey. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Thurs., June 28.)

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH (1936)—The Hichens novel about desert love. Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer, and Technicolor. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; starting Wed., July 4.)

THE GAY DIVORCÉE (1934)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire singing and dancing to Cole Porter's "Night and Day." (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., June 30-July 2.)

HERE COMES MR. JORDAN (1941)—About a prize-fighter who gets mixed up with the hereafter. Robert Montgomery and Claude Rains. (World, 153 W. 49; Thurs., June 28.)

THE INFORMER (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Mon. and Tues., July 2-3. . . . Thalia, B'way at 95; starting Tues., July 3.)

IN NAME ONLY (1939)—Kay Francis, Carole Lombard, and Cary Grant in the usual triangle mess. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., July 1-3.)

IN OUR TIME (1944)—Poland in 1939. With Ida Lupino and Paul Henreid. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., July 3-5.)

JOY OF LIVING (1938)—Kern tunes and comedy, with Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., June 29-30.)

LADIES IN RETIREMENT (1941)—Three batty sisters and a lonely cottage on the heath. Ida Lupino, Elsa Lanchester, and Louis Hayward. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., June 30.)

LOVE AFFAIR (1939)—Romance starts at sea. Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., July 1-3.)

OUR TOWN (1940)—The Thornton Wilder play. Frank Craven, Martha Scott, and William Holden. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., June 29.)

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA (1937)—Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., June 29-30.)

SHALL WE DANCE? (1937)—One of the Astaire-Rogers series, this time with Gershwin music. (Thalia, B'way at 95; starting Tues., July 3.)

SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS (1930)—Early René Clair film. In French. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC (1939)—Jascha Heifetz and the lower East Side. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., July 6.)

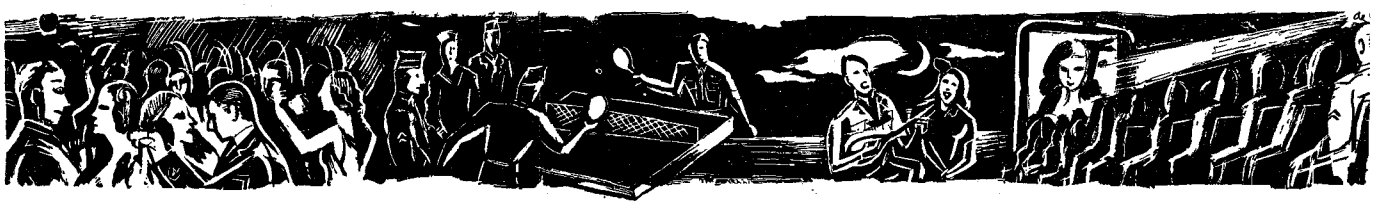
THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock excitement. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; starting Wed., July 4.)

TRADE WINDS (1939)—South Seas adventure. Joan Bennett and Fredric March. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., June 29.)

VIVACIOUS LADY (1938)—Ginger Rogers as a night-club singer and James Stewart as a professor. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Mon. and Tues., July 2-3.)

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., July 1-2.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is *showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M.* and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—THURS., JUNE 28: "Fragment of an Empire" (1929), Russian film. . . . FRI. THROUGH SUN., JUNE 29-JULY 1: "The Last Command" (1928) with Emil Jannings; and "Plane Crazy" (1928) Walt Disney cartoon. . . . MON. THROUGH THURS., JULY 2-5: one sequence of "Hotel Imperial" (1926-7) with Pola Negri; and "The Wind" (1928), with Lillian Gish. . . . FROM FRI., JULY 6: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928), directed by Carl-Theodor Dreyer.



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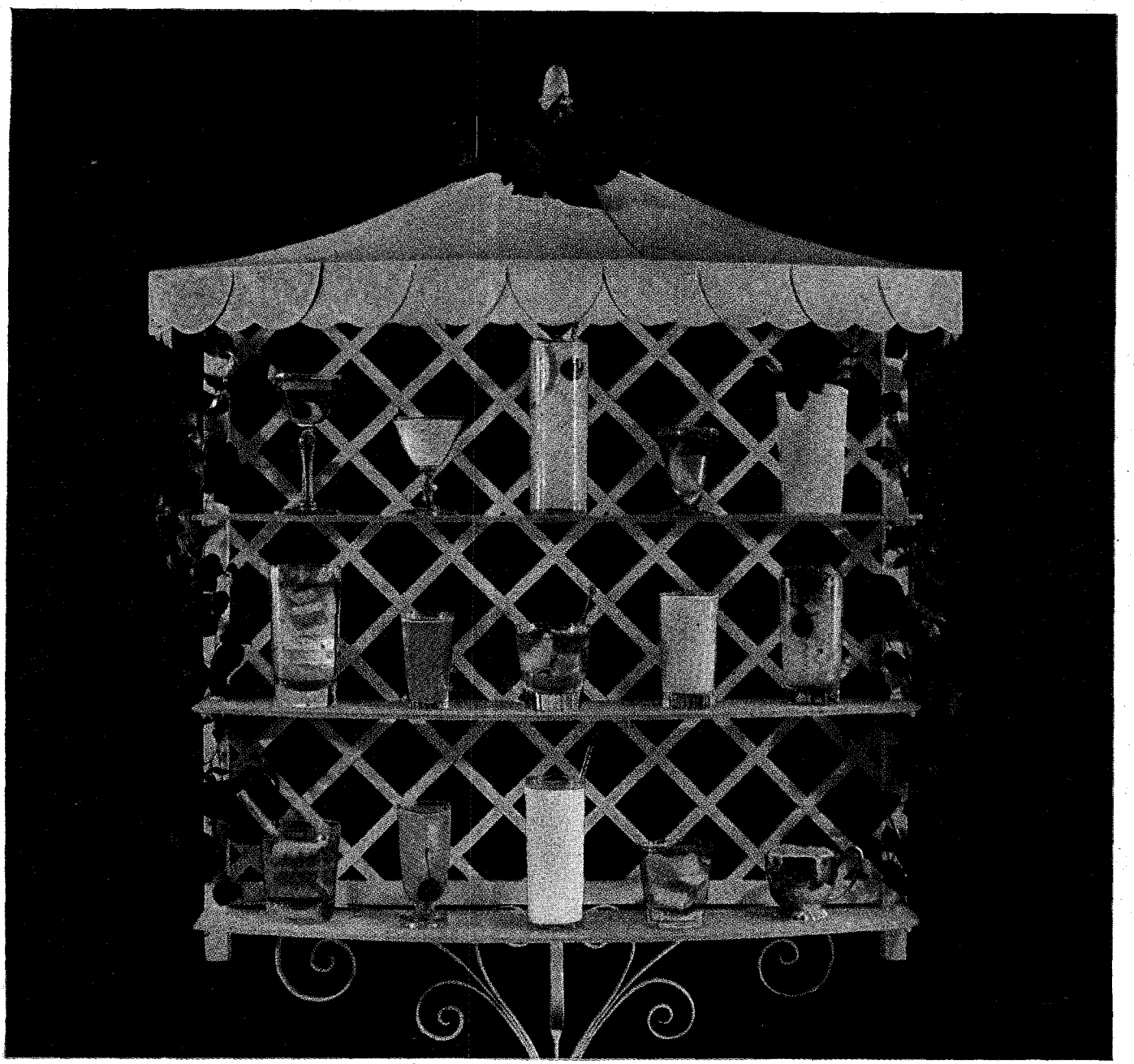

How many of these drinks can you name?

IF YOU had the new Four Roses Recipe Book, you'd know *all* of them—and ten more, too.

Just clip the coupon at the right and we'll be glad to send you this grand recipe book, beautifully illustrated with color photographs.

The drinks shown above are all made with that magnificent whiskey, Four Roses. Reading from left to right, starting at the top, they are: Manhattan, Whiskey Flip, Whiskey Fix, Mardi Gras, Mint Julep, Highball, Ward 8, Old Fashioned, Derby Fizz, "21" Punch, Hot Toddy, Whiskey Sour, Milk Punch, Cold Toddy, and Egg-Nog.

• • •

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corp., New York.

FOUR ROSES *The same great whiskey today as before the war*

Frankfort Distillers Corp.
500 Fifth Avenue
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New York 18, N. Y.

Please send me a free copy of your new 16-page Four Roses mixed-drink recipe book, "25 Drink Recipes that Ring the Bell."

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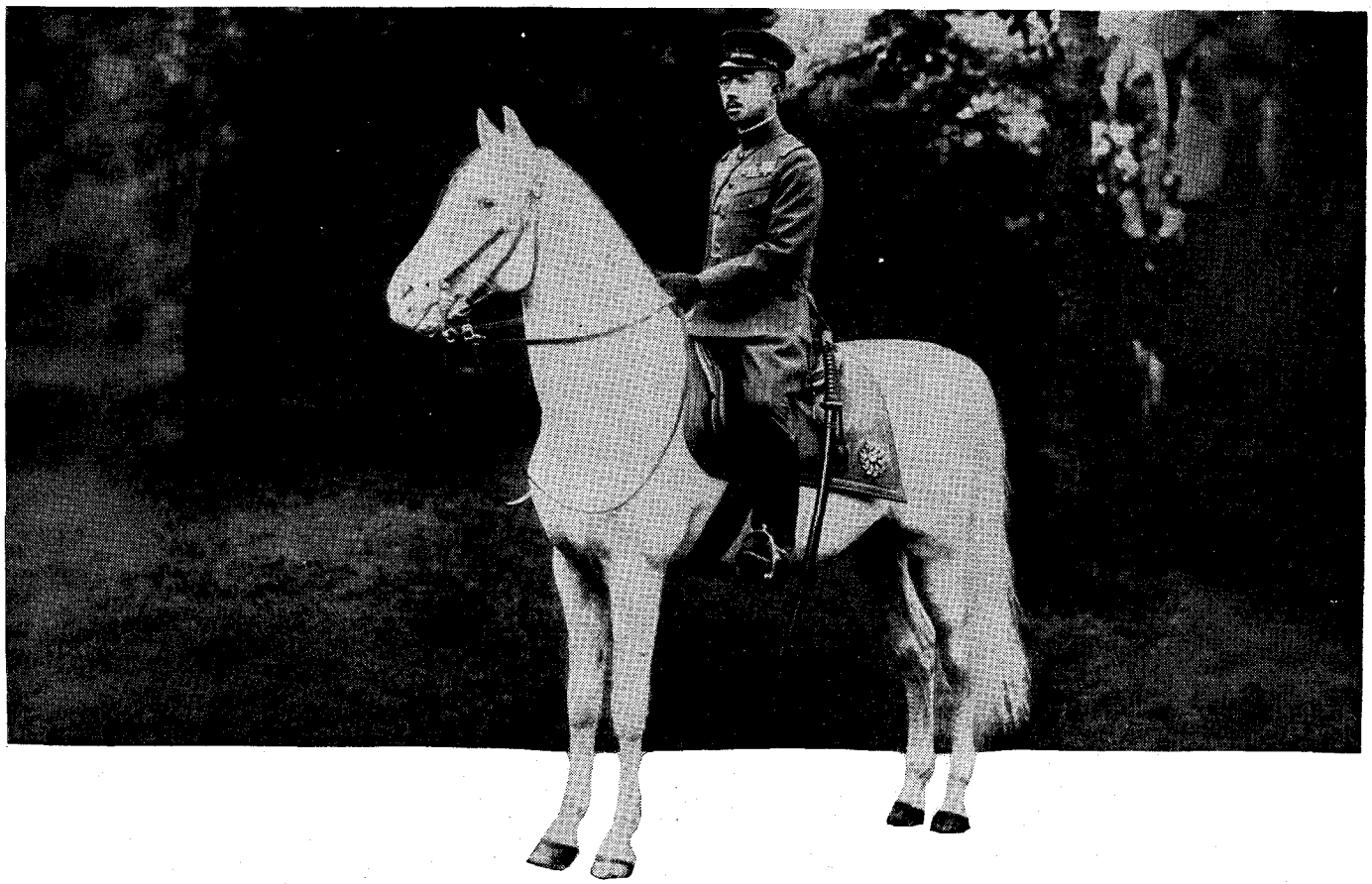

LET'S GET THE ADMIRAL HIS HORSE!

Official
U. S. Navy Photo

Admiral Halsey has his eye on a fine white horse called Shirayuki.

Some time ago, at a press conference, he expressed the hope that one day soon he could ride it.

The chap *now* in Shirayuki's saddle is Japan's Emperor—Hirohito.

He is the ruler of as arrogant, treacherous, and vicious a bunch of would-be despots as this earth has ever seen.

The kind of arrogance shown by Tojo—who was going to dictate peace from the White House . . . remember?

Well, it's high time we finished this whole business. High time we got the Emperor off his high horse, and gave Admiral Halsey his ride.

The best way for us at home to have a hand in this clean-up is to support the 7th War Loan.

It's the biggest loan yet. It's two loans in one. Last year, by this time, you had been asked twice to buy extra bonds.

Your personal quota is big—bigger than ever before. So big you may feel you can't afford it.

But we *can* afford it—if American sons, brothers, husbands can cheerfully afford to die.

FIND YOUR QUOTA . . . AND MAKE IT!		
IF YOUR AVERAGE WAGE PER MONTH IS:	YOUR PERSONAL WAR BOND QUOTA IS: (CASH VALUE)	MATURITY VALUE OF 7TH WAR LOAN BONDS BOUGHT
$250	$187.50	$250
225-250	150.00	200
210-225	131.25	175
200-210	112.50	150
180-200	93.75	125
140-180	75.00	100
100-140	37.50	50
Under $100	18.75	25

ALL OUT FOR THE MIGHTY 7th WAR LOAN

This is an official U.S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under the auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council

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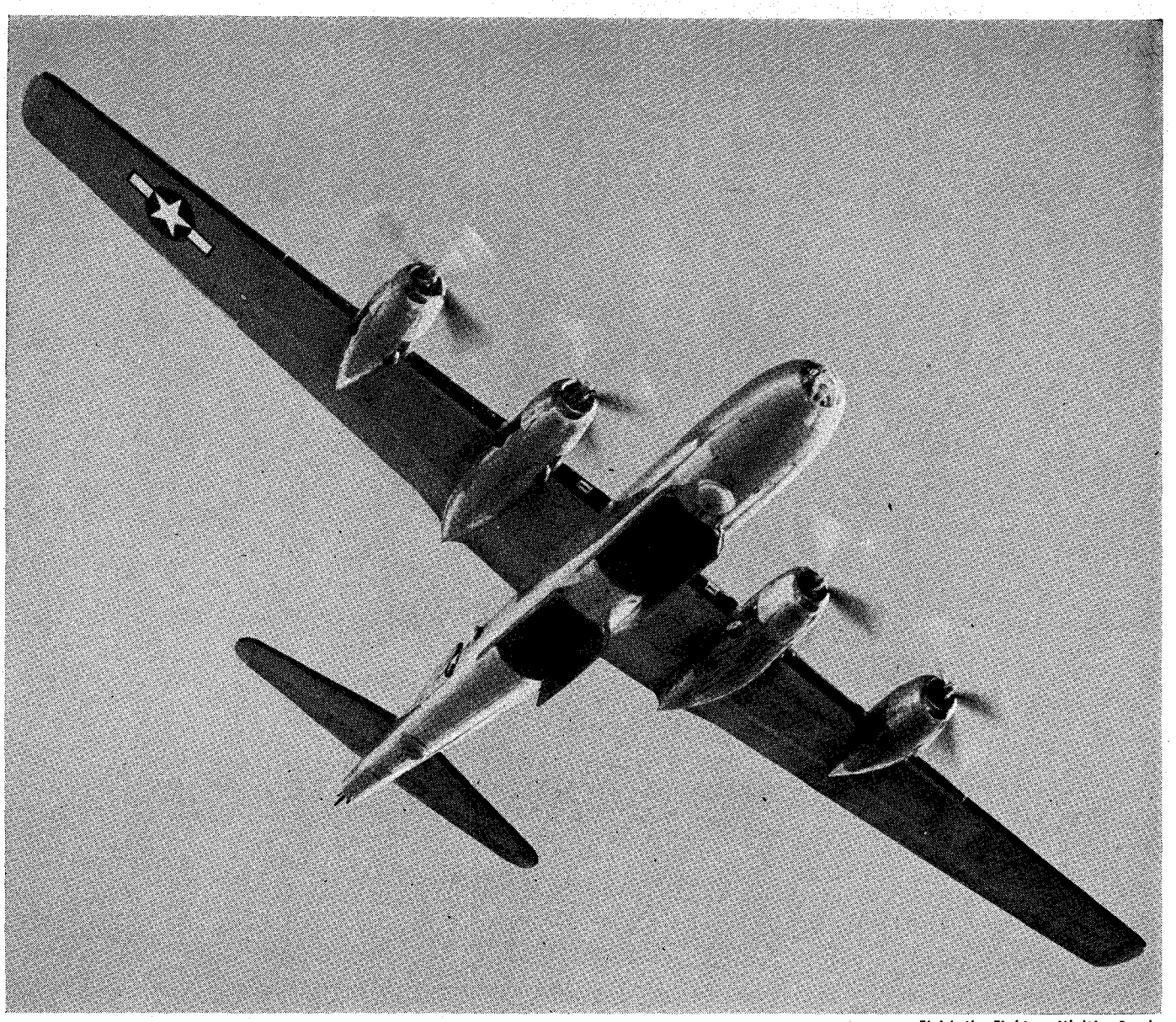

Finish the Fight — with War Bonds

Double trouble—for Japs

Bombs are away . . . bomb-bay doors closing on those empty twin caverns in the big ship's maw. In 40 seconds a shattering explosion will occur in a Japanese factory, 25,000 feet below. . . ."Mission accomplished."

The Boeing B-29 Superfortress is designed for a vital purpose: to carry a big load of explosives farther and faster, with the ability to fly at higher altitudes, than any other bomber in the world.

The huge, double bomb-bays are the B-29's reason for being. Around them Boeing engineers have built a great airplane. But the superb, aerodynamically clean wing and body, the turbo-supercharged engines, the pressurized cabins, the remote-control guns all serve one goal—*to deliver the bombs.*

Today Superfortresses of the 20th Air Force are pounding enemy industry with steadily mounting fury. In a single day the big planes have roared in over several different targets, from Singapore to Nagoya, and let go tons of destruction.

Manning the B-29 squadrons are picked crews — skilful, cool-headed and courageous — as fine a body of flying fighters as can be found on earth or in air. The Superfortresses, like the Flying Fortresses, represent Boeing's effort to give American airmen the best possible weapons for accomplishing their difficult and hazardous missions.

When final victory is achieved, Boeing's broad experience in research, design, engineering and manufacture will once more be applied to peacetime aircraft. Of any such product you can be certain . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it will lead the way.

DESIGNERS OF THE B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW STRATOCRUISER
THE KAYDET TRAINER • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN 1940 we sent a pair of Bausch & Lomb binoculars to England, for use by the Home Guard. We received a letter of acknowledgment. Lately we've been wondering whether those elegant spy glasses are still kicking around and whether they will come back. We'd like to have them as a memento of British vision and of course they would come in awfully handy right now during our own dark and terrible hours watching for Japanese balloons.

NEAR the bottom of a dusty lane in the deep country, where we were visiting on a hot afternoon when the grasses sang of death and love-in-death and the tent caterpillars devoured the leaves of the wild apple, we came upon two old federal application forms poised on a stalk of Queen Anne's lace. They were mating.

BOOTH TARKINGTON, we see, has come out against compulsory military training. He seems to us peculiarly well fitted to speak on this subject, being the sponsor of a lad named Willie Baxter, who has taken us safely through two major wars without any previous military training whatsoever. Conscripting American youth in peacetime is the most revolutionary domestic idea that has ever been proposed in the United States, and contains the heaviest charge of social dynamite. Big shots in the Army are pushing the idea hard, but they know not what they push. Certainly no one can predict the consequences of taking Willie Baxter away from Lola Pratt, from One-eye Beljus, and from Mr. Parcher and sending him into camp for a year against his wishes. No one can say what it would do to Willie and no one can say what it would do to the society the Pratts, the Beljuses, and the Parchers adorn. Our own mind is still open on this terribly vital matter, but our heart is shut tight, and every instinct hollers that compulsory training is a wrong number. An American conscript army, in peacetime, would be a contradiction in terms: it would advertise a national desperation and it would build into the nation the thing the nation has twice taken up arms to lick.

"Look at it!" said Mr. Parcher.

"Look at what?" asked his wife.

"That Baxter boy!" said Mr. Parcher, as William passed on toward the dancers. "What's he think he's imitating—Henry Irving? Look at his walk!"

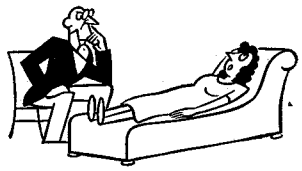
"He walks that way a good deal, lately, I've noticed," said Mrs. Parcher in a tired voice.

Look well, America, as Willie comes walking down the street! Watch out how you change his strange and lordly gait, for he is an extremely delicate mechanism, mysteriously balanced and with an escape movement that defies every law of physics. Remove him from his father's evening clothes, put him in compulsory drab, teach him to salute, and you will have something new in this land. And you won't have Willie.

AN employee of one of the banks in this city recently misappropriated some of the bank's funds in order to play the stock market. Contrary to established principles of banking, he won. He cleared thirteen thousand dollars. The bank has now put in a claim for the wages of the employee's sin, maintaining that money won on their stake

ought by rights to be theirs. The action is upsetting, to say the least. If allowed to become a precedent, it would put all sorts of ideas into banks' heads. We rather think the court had better deal sharply with both parties to this unusual dispute. We recommend that the offending employee be entrusted with some great sum of money and sent out to the race track until he has lost it, thus reëstablishing things on a normal American basis and putting banks back into their proper rôle of old stuffboxes. The bank, on its part, should be reminded that money ill-got brings no true happiness, and should be spanked and put to bed without any collateral.

PSYCHOANALYSIS seems to be here to stay, but one of the bugs that will have to be ironed out sooner or later is the problem of the foreign-speaking psychoanalyst and the English idiom. We know a girl, now in the process of being psyched, who mentioned to her analyst, a recent arrival from Zurich, that she had had a dream involving a desk with pigeonholes. She heard him draw in his breath sharply, and



the direction of his inquiry changed. It wasn't until six months later that she discovered he had built an entire theory of her personality around the assumption that her dream desk included accommodations for birds.

MANY excellent sites have been proposed as headquarters for the United Nations, but the location we like best is the Black Hills of South Dakota. Staunch advocacy of this site appears from time to time in the appendix of the *Congressional Record*, and we have been following it, first with interest, lately with enthusiasm. Unquestionably, the seat of the new world league should be Dinosaur Park, near Rapid City, South Dakota, in the Black Hills, for in Dinosaur Park stand the cement

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figures, full size, of the Big Five of Long Ago—Tyrannosaurus rex (35 feet long, 16 feet high), Triceratops (27 by 11), Brontosaurus (90 feet long, weight 40 tons), and a couple of other plug-uglies of the period, all of them in combative attitudes astride a well-worn path. Much can be said for such a bizarre setting. Here let the new halls be built, so that earnest statesmen, glancing up from their secret instructions from the home office, may gaze out upon the prehistoric sovereigns who kept on fighting one another until they perished from the earth.

Sewer Sleuth

IT sounds simple enough when the newspapers tell you that the sewers are being searched for something (most recently for the weapon with which Albert Langford was shot), but we are not one to believe that anything that goes on hereabouts is really simple. As it developed during one of our little investigations, searching sewers isn't. People don't even understand about the jurisdiction involved in a sewer search. The newspapers are inclined to give the credit to the Department of Sanitation, an exhibition of willful ignorance that makes the Bureau of Sewers—under the Borough President of Manhattan—and its supervisor, a young man named Perry Stevens, sore.

One thing we learned is that it's silly for a person to suppose that he has disposed of something for good when he drops it down a sewer. The sewer system of this borough has nine thousand catch basins, which retain everything except liquid sewage. Emptying these basins is a regular chore of the Bureau, and, as things go, it isn't a great deal of extra trouble to look for a murder weapon. Ordinarily, the emptying is done by a derrick device mounted on a six-ton truck, and the resulting refuse is dumped at sea from garbage scows or burned on Riker's Island. When they are working on police cases, the Bureau of Sewers men climb right into the basins and shovel out the refuse.

Mr. Charles Carlucci, the Bureau foreman who has been supervising the Langford-weapon search, told us that murder weapons are an old story to him and his colleagues. They have recovered not only revolvers but stilettos, knives, sawed-off shotguns, and ice picks sought by the homicide squad. We gathered that the Bureau stands ready to make a search on the strength of any reliable-sounding citizen's statement that something of value has gone down a sewer. Mr. Carlucci, in his day, has recovered a $4,500 emerald ring, two gold bracelets belonging to a South American gentleman, oil stock valued at a hundred thousand dollars, and a high-school boy's class ring, to name a few things. "Lots of people drop false teeth," he told us. "One poor old man let his teeth fall through a grate on Park Avenue and had to wait right there until I got 'em, so he could go home and eat his dinner. You might say I saved his life."

During eleven days of sleuthing, about a hundred catch basins in the neighborhood of the Marguery were emptied. Mr. Carlucci and his merry men brought up four sets of false teeth, quite a lot of chicken bones, a turtle shell with "Souvenir of Key West" painted on it, a pair of red harlequin eyeglass frames, a Pennsylvania Railroad employee's badge, pages one to sixteen of a recent *Times*, eight tennis balls, three golf balls, a pair of imitation-pearl earrings, eighty-eight assorted rocks, several hundred pieces of water-logged wood, enough odd pieces of wire to put up a fence around the Marguery, an unopened can of asparagus tips, many keys, a corncob pipe, a man's lounging slipper, a pair of old pants, a blue chintz curtain, a great many rags, a machine-gun bullet, and a .45 automatic bullet. The bullets were turned over to the police, along with two other objects that we are not allowed to identify because they may possibly be clues. The bullets and the two unnamable items were eagerly seized by waiting detectives, who gave Mr. Carlucci receipts for them.

At Ease

ONE of the midtown restaurants was thrown into a pleasant furore by the entrance of a female major accompanied by several male subordinates. The major took charge of ordering the meal, then plunged authoritatively into some crisp exposition, to which the men listened with attention and respect. Only the waiters and the other diners could see that she had kicked both her shoes off.

Our Own Baedeker

WHEN the American Army of Occupation takes over in Bavaria, it will find itself confronted with the problem of handling eight million cagy and hardheaded peasants who have already sat out military occupation by the Romans, Bohemians, Hungarians, Huns, Austrians, and French, and who, between invasions, have kept their hand in by nicking tourists. The Bavarians lump all non-Bavarians together under the term *Ausländer*, and they wouldn't give an *Ausländer* the time of day. The Germans used to have a saying to the effect that in Bavaria even the Jews were stupid, but we have been advised by experts that Bavarian density and *Gemütlichkeit* are largely a façade. What we call the Bronx cheer is known in Europe as the Bavarian salute. Another Bavarian institution is the *Saalschlacht*, or beer-hall battle, in which steins, chair legs, and so on are used to drive home political arguments. It is no accident that Hitler got his start in Munich, the leading city of Bavaria, or that his S.S. men were mostly Bavarian.

Bavaria's name comes from the Bawarii, a Bohemian tribe which settled there in the fifth century. The next important date in the history of Bavaria is the twelfth century, when beer was introduced. From then on it was clear sailing. To be sure, there was for a while a controversy as to whether beer should be drunk as medicine or for pleasure, but everybody agreed it should be drunk. Once, at least, it was drunk politically. This was when a seventeenth-century invader agreed not to sack the city of Rothenburg if the Bürgermeister could drain a three-quart seidel at one draft. He did, and since then the *Meistertrunk*, as his feat was called, has been celebrated in Rothenburg with an annual pageant. Finally the Bavarians became sensitive about their reputation as beer drinkers and circulated statistics indicating that they spent four times as much on their art museums as they got from the beer they exported. The gimmick, of course, is that they have always drunk more beer than they exported. One year, shortly before the war, the average was 303 litres per capita. From the Middle Ages right down to 1918, Bavaria was ruled by the Wittelsbach family, which did O.K. until the nineteenth century, when it produced, in fairly rapid succession, twenty hopeless madmen. That's not counting Ludwig I, who made a holy show of himself over Lola Montez and was forced to abdicate. Ludwig II, incidentally, was the patron of Wagner and was the monarch who ate from a dining table which was lowered into the kitchen through a hole in the floor, set with food, and raised again, to spare him the presence of servants. Bavaria has never produced

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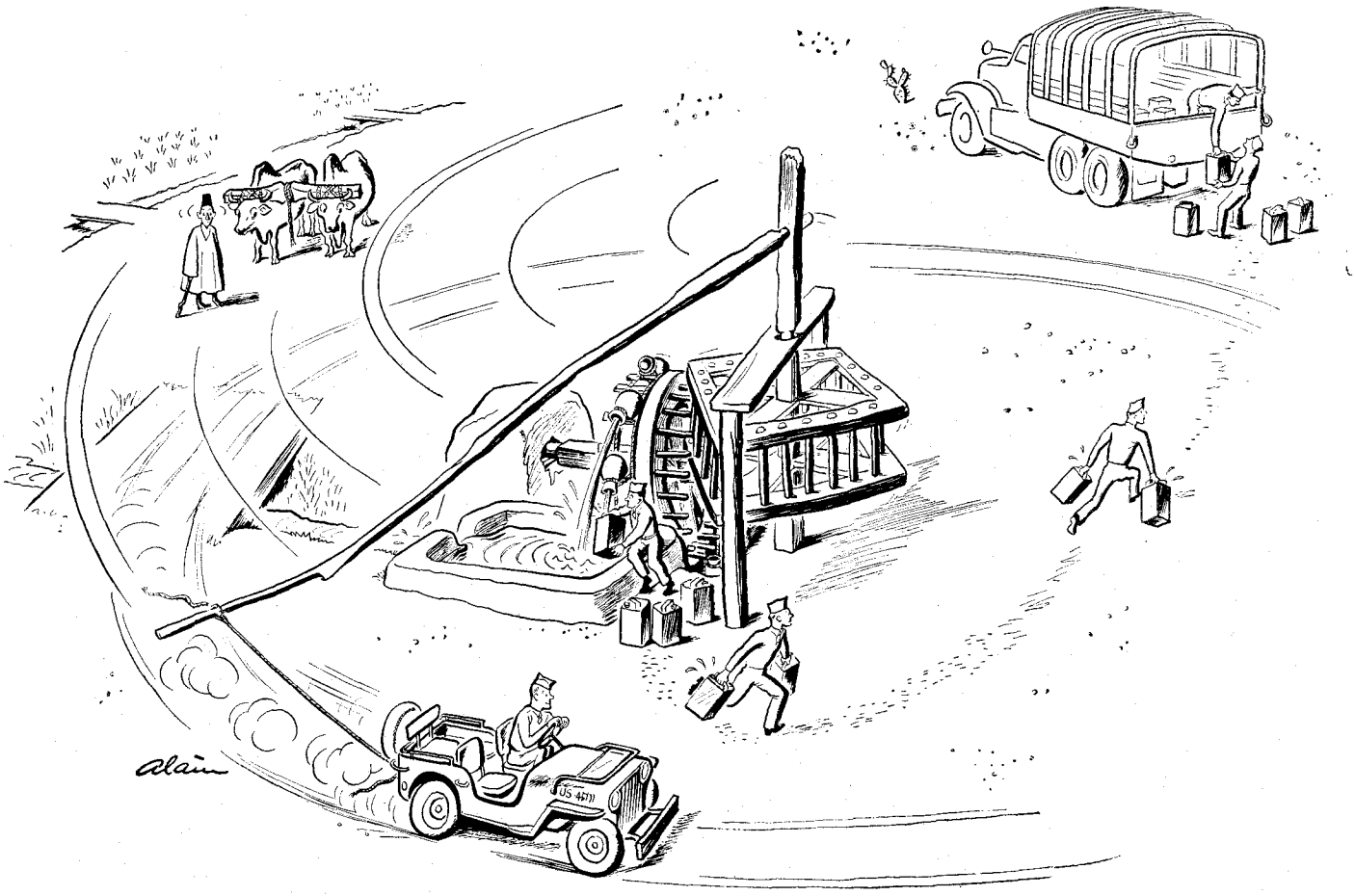

a great poet, musician, or statesman. The Bavarians held out against Nazism longer than the other Germans, but not because they were democrats; they were royalists and thought that Hitler was a bumptious upstart.

One military-government problem may be the Bavarian girls, blowzy, good-natured wenches who are so hell-bent on fraternization that Munich, even before Hitler started encouraging that sort of thing, had the largest proportion of bastards of any city in the world. Bavaria has always been strongly Catholic, and in the nineteenth century it became necessary to protect the Protestants by passing special legislation permitting them to settle there. The guilds —the old-line A.F.L. boys—practically ran the place until 1818, when a liberal constitution was put into force. Bavaria produced the first printing shop, the first optical shop, the first clock, and the first watch. The town of Dinkelsbühl has more windowboxes than any other town of its size in the world.

Sinecure

WE take you now to a recent matinée of "Harvey." Two buxom ladies arrived, settled comfortably into their seats, and opened their programs. "'Elwood P. Dowd . . . Frank Fay,'" murmured one, scanning the cast of characters. "Oh, yes," the other said. "He's the one that never appears at all."

The Net

NOW that the U-boat war in the Atlantic is over, the Navy has relaxed its restrictions to a point where we can tell you something of the net and the boom that have been protecting New York Harbor. They stretch parallel to each other from South Beach, Staten Island, all the way over to Coney Island, the net a few hundred feet inland from the boom. The net is of heavy steel cable with a mesh of about three feet, which is small enough to prevent the passage of torpedoes and mines as well as submarines. It is generously cut, with several feet dragging on the bottom to prevent any funny business. If a submarine had tried to ram through, the net would have wound itself around the U-boat and very likely have pinned it to the bottom. It wouldn't have done any good to cut the cables, either, for they would have unravelled and the sub would have been in a worse snarl than before. In the shallow water of the mile-long stretch from South Beach to Hoffman Island, a tiny piece of made land with a maritime training school on it, the net is merely fastened to a row of piles called dolphs. The shore ends are secured to stone anchorages called dead men. The four miles of net from Hoffman Island to Coney Island are suspended from drum floats.

"Boom" in the harbor-defense sense —or in the New York Harbor-defense sense—means a row of wooden floats, called balks, six yards apart, connected by steel cables and held in place by anchored buoys every three hundred feet. Cable, floats, and buoys are equipped with long, sharp steel spikes which would have ripped the bottom or sides of any light craft that might have tried to sneak into the harbor on the surface (and nothing more formidable than light craft was anticipated, for obvious reasons). A wooden-hulled Coast Guard vessel that accidentally ran afoul of the boom sank in three minutes.

Letting vessels in and out, when the net and boom were closed, required the services of two bargelike craft officially designated as YNg (Yard craft—Net —Gate), one of which was anchored outside the net and the other of which was anchored inside the boom. They had very powerful Diesel-engined winches but no motive power. To open up a passageway for an inbound or outbound ship, one YNg would haul on a

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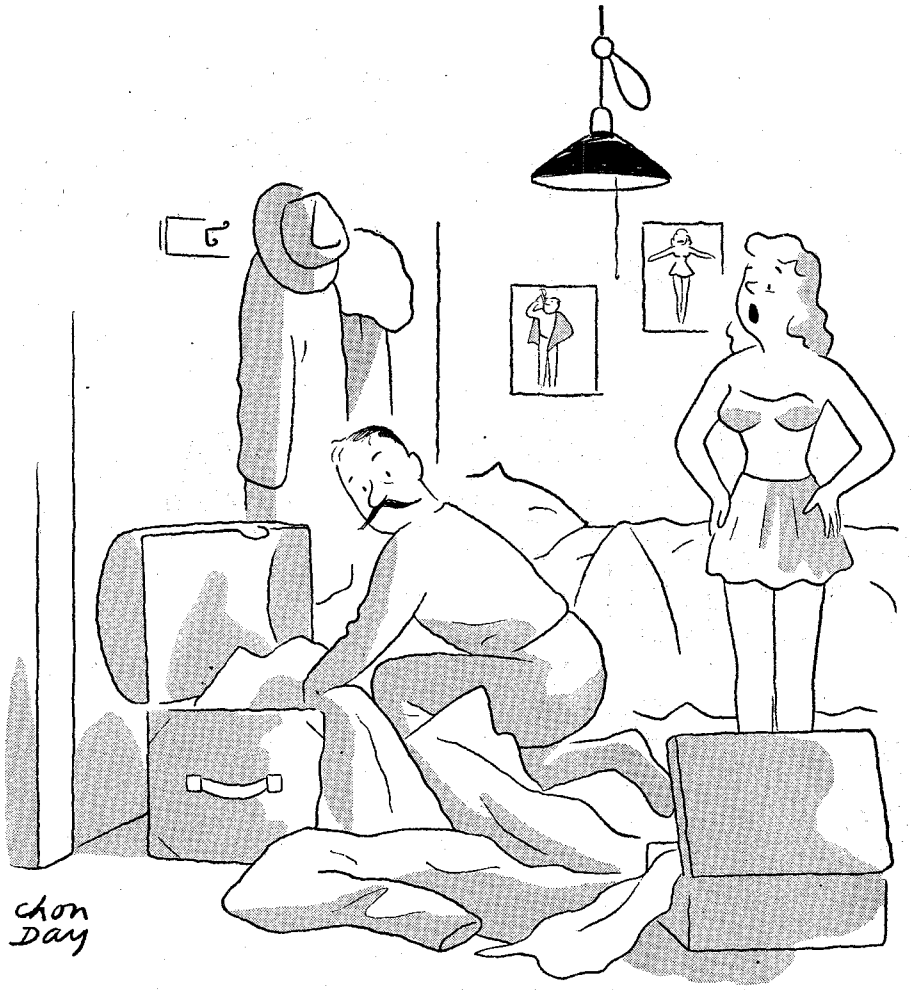

"I haven't seen your old sword. Are you sure you didn't swallow it?"

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cable connected with the net and boom, which would swing open and give the vessel a thousand-foot-wide passage. Then the other YNg would pull the net and boom closed. Both net and boom were always closed at night, unless very special vessels were arriving or departing, but were left open during the day. The barge crews would have seen a sub approaching on the surface and electronic devices would have picked it up underwater anyway. The YNgs had powerful loudspeakers and the outside vessel hailed all inbound surface craft at a distance of several hundred yards, demanding identification.

No enemy submarine ever tried to get through the New York boom-and-net defense, but at least one U-boat came in fairly close to it and unloaded some mines. An inbound tanker hit one of them and got a hole in its bottom, and four of the mines drifted in on the tide and exploded against the net. That was early in 1942, and shortly afterward Admiral Doenitz boasted that a U-boat had sunk three ships in the immediate vicinity of New York Harbor. The mine-laying sub was picked up by sound-detecting devices, but it got away. Vibrations from sub engines were picked up at other times about then, but so faint as to suggest that the craft were out around Sandy Hook. The Navy never thought there was any chance of a submarine getting into New York Harbor through Hell Gate, because of shoals, sand bars, the narrowness of the channel, and the swiftness of the current, so there was never a net or boom there. The rig at the south end of the harbor is now being dismantled and will be transferred to the Pacific when the Navy gets around to it.

A net-and-boom defense has been installed in practically every foreign harbor we have taken. The work is done by net tenders, which are hundred-and-fifty-foot vessels with a complement of four officers and forty-four men. They can cross an ocean on their own. Some of them have done various odd jobs in their spare time—towing in damaged ships, charting strange coasts, carrying Marines on raiding parties, and the like. One of them shot down a Jap plane during the Pearl Harbor attack and another later shot down two Jap planes in the South Pacific.

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FERVID fragment of conversation overheard in the Forty-seventh Street station of the Third Avenue Elevated: "So I told that dope plenty. I said, 'What's the sense tellin' me that bootleg meat is maybe from diseased cattle and we'd get sick eatin' it?' I said, 'Listen, you got to realize we all got to take chances. There's a war on.'"

Presidential Tailor

PRESIDENT TRUMAN has a beautiful build, likes double-breasted coats and pleats in his pants, and wears a belt with everything except his dinner jacket. We were told this by Irving Heller, who has a tailoring establishment at 57 West Forty-sixth Street. Mr. Heller has been making clothes for the President for some months and has so far turned out a couple of suits, a pair of slacks, and a midnight-blue dinner outfit. "Mr. Truman has a wonderful figure," Mr. Heller said to us when we looked in on him one day last week. "Five feet eight, one hundred and sixty pounds about, good shoulders—a pleasure to work with." We asked Mr. Heller, who was wearing a yellow sports shirt, brown slacks, yellow socks, and brown moccasins, how he happened to become the President's tailor. "He was recommended to me by friends," Mr. Heller said. "I cannot divulge their names." "Why not?" we asked. "With the President," he said, "I can't talk like it was an actor or somebody. Only the other day I told somebody from the papers that the President used to dress a little old-fashioned. It comes out that I said he was a bad dresser. He has always been a good dresser, but before he became my customer he was styled a little too tight, with a high waist that made him look stocky. You make a suit with narrow shoulders, a straight line from the armpit, and the buttons high up, and naturally you're not going to show off the figure to good advantage. With a low waist and a modified drape, the President looks like a man forty to forty-five. He has no fat."

We were curious to know whether the President, being a former haberdasher, was decided in his notions about how fittings should be conducted. "The President," said Mr. Heller, "is very, very gracious. When I see him, he asks me if I would like a drink, as Earl Wil-

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son wrote in the *Post*, to my embarrassment. I say no. He has a drink. We talk about clothes mostly. What we say I cannot divulge, of course. He doesn't tell me my business, and I certainly don't tell him his. A drink makes me dizzy."

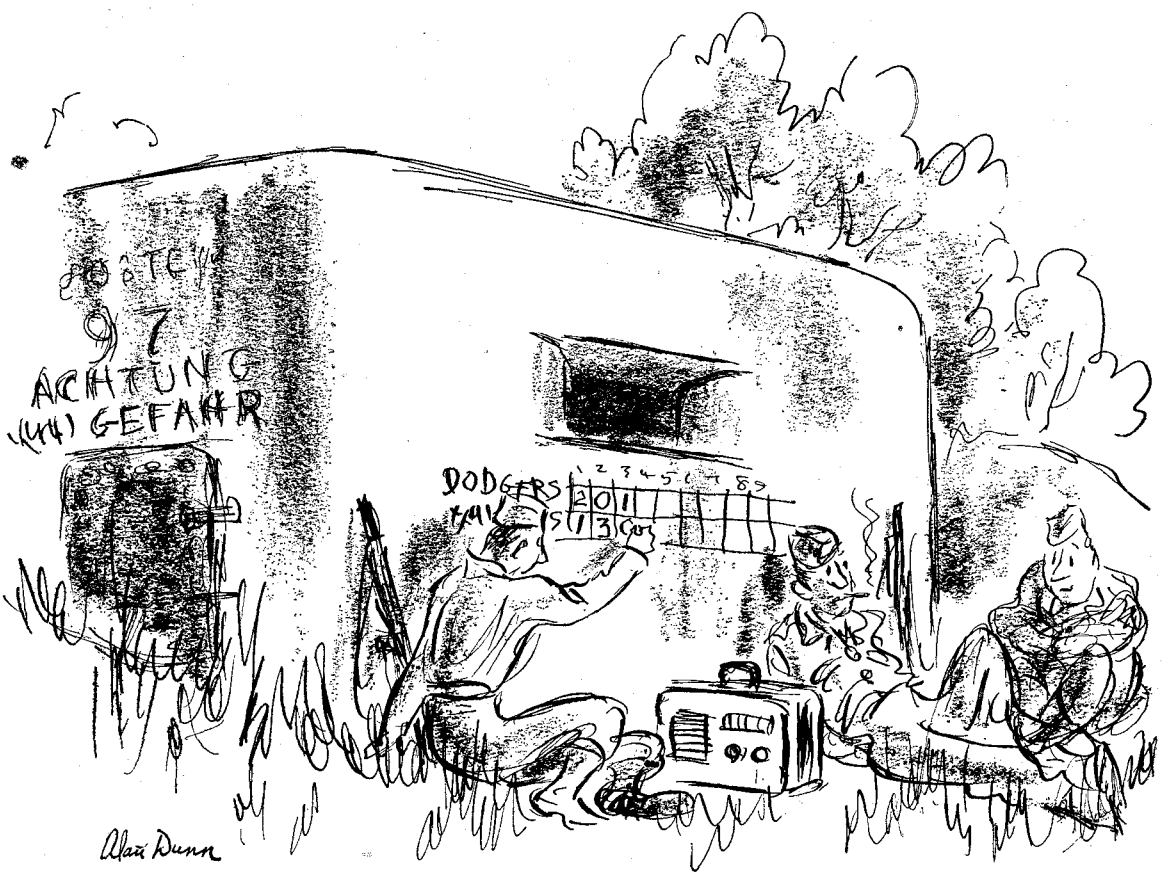
When Mr. Truman was Vice-President, Mr. Heller went to Washington whenever it was necessary, and Truman had his fittings in the Senate Office Building. However, it had been arranged that Mr. Truman would come up to the shop to try on a pair of new slacks, when he suddenly became President. Under the circumstances, Mr. Heller figured he'd better take the slacks down to Washington. "I will tell you," he said, "what happened before I got the slacks on the President. I go to Washington and call Reathel Odun, the Truman family secretary, for an appointment. I get one for six o'clock. I drive up to Blair House. A cop, six feet four, comes over before I'm out of the cab and says, 'What's the nature of your business?' I tell him I'm the President's tailor. He asks what I've got in the box. I say, 'Slacks.' I get the same thing from three F.B.I. men before I'm up the steps, from two more at the door, and from one more inside." "Anybody look in your package?" we said. "Do I look like a guy going to carry a bomb?" Mr. Heller asked. We hastily admitted that he doesn't. As a matter of fact, Mr. Heller looks too young to be a tailor of consequence, let alone a bomb thrower. When we inquired about his age, he said he was thirty-four and had been in business eighteen years.

"When you came in," he remarked, "you were shocked to find me Mr. Heller, I'm looking so young. Imagine how it was when I was sixteen. But, believe me, I went right from piece goods into styling. I had a flair. For shirts, neckwear, suits, I had a flair." Giving Mr. Heller no chance to develop this theme, we got him back to Mr. Truman with a question about the prices the President pays for suits. "That," said Mr. Heller, "I cannot divulge. But look at this picture and you will see what he thinks of my work." The picture Mr. Heller indicated, on the wall of his fitting room, was of the President and was inscribed, "Best wishes to Irving Heller from Harry Truman, U.S.S.M. and Vice-President Elect, January 3, 1945." Mr. Truman is the only customer for whom Mr. Heller will currently journey forth from his shop for fittings, but now that the President's pattern is on file on Forty-sixth Street, Mr. Heller has to give him only one try-on before starting the stitching. Mr. Heller was not what you'd call loose-mouthed about the rest of his clientele, but he did say that he has whipped up a few outfits for Mr. John and Mr. Fred of John-Frederics, and for Hank Greenberg. "With the President," he said, "I have less trouble than with them. His figure is the best." Mr. Heller would not say anything about his future plans for Mr. Truman. "I don't expect to see him again until he's finished with Churchill and Stalin," he said.

The Children

THE morning General Eisenhower came to town, we happened to be crossing Central Park, and we found the paths near the Mall lined with children waiting to greet him. They had been let out of school expressly to do him honor. A watchful teacher stood by here and there ("Iris, you should have remembered that at school!"), but the children were killing time pretty much as they pleased—some of them briskly exchanging insults, some feinting at one another with the sharp, golden points of flagstaffs, and others singing, in innocent soprano voices, "Mademoiselle from Armentières." We felt that we should gather, for the use of future historians, a few quotations from the youngest and pinkest generation, but overhearing is not what it used to be, and the only worthwhile remark we picked up was "The house was A.C. and the dry-cell batteries were D.C. and he cut his hands and feet open."

The children had been waiting in the Park since nine-thirty, shouting at intervals, "Ike! Ike! We want Ike!," and in the end, Ike, standing erect in the car and looking the very model of a modern five-star general, waved at them and swept past before they had time to change their cry. A slight, round-shouldered lieutenant had stopped beside us, behind the ranks of children, and as the General's car approached he brought up his hand in a mechanical, not very snappy salute. Eisenhower caught sight of him, smiled, and returned the salute. The lieutenant looked as if he had been hit on the head. "Was that for me?" he said. "Was *he* saluting *me?*" One of the small boys turned to him and said severely, "You're a soldier, too, aren't you?"



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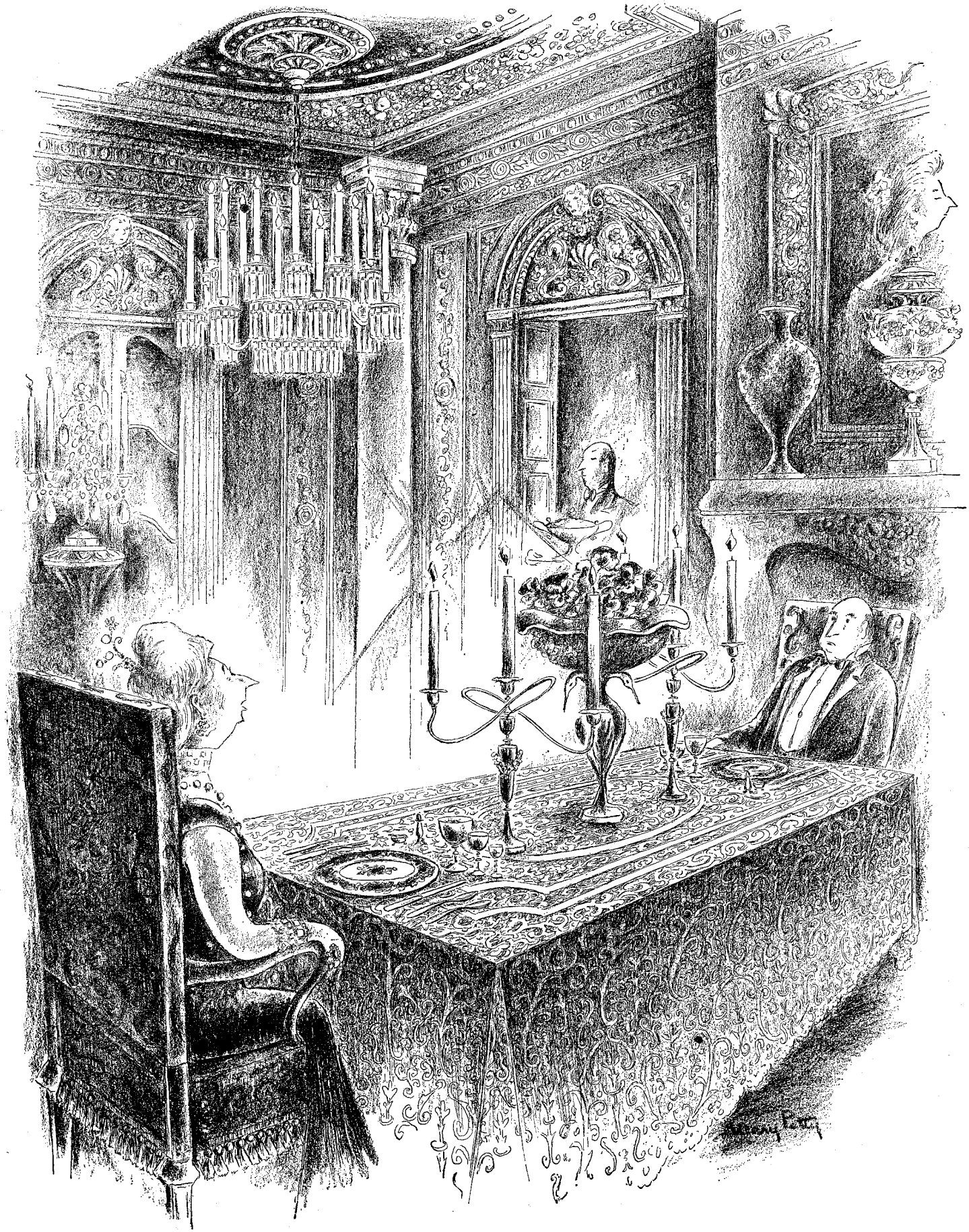

"Has anybody ever thought of winning the Communists over to <u>our</u> way of life?"

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THE AGE OF FABLE

PETER MAXWELL, on the morning of his fortieth birthday, walked down a path in the mountains of North Carolina with his six-year-old son. The path, walled by tangles of laurel and rhododendron, wound through a woods that was mostly pine and hemlock and dropped sharply toward the sound of water rushing over rocks. Maxwell's birthday fell during the best part of the trout season, and because of this, and also because his father used to take him trout fishing as a special kind of birthday present when he was a boy, he always got out his fly rod and went fishing to mark the passing of another year. It was a quiet way of observing a quiet occasion, and he found that it gave him, especially now that his father was dead, a certain sense of continuity with the past.

Maxwell's son trudged quietly along the path beside him. The boy's name was Patrick and he looked like his mother. He had fair hair and gray eyes and a pair of hands that seemed too large for him. His hands were not an inheritance from his mother. They came from the Maxwell side of the family, and Maxwell, watching him use them in climbing over an eroded outcropping of rock that blocked the path, was reminded of his father. His father had had the largest hands of any man he knew.

Maxwell went to the boy and lifted him across the rock. "You didn't have to help me," the boy protested. "I'm not a baby." The words echoed along the corridors of Maxwell's memory and then, as the reverberations grew louder, he recalled that he had said the same thing to his father in this exact place when he was about the same age as the boy. Time doubled backward on itself, and for an instant, as if he had suddenly come upon a faded photograph, Maxwell saw himself standing in the boy's place and his father in his place, and then time rushed forward again, filling the vacuum it had left, leaving him with his mind full of memories and the muted awareness that he was forty years old.

"When will we get to the Indian?" the boy said. "I want to see the Indian."

"You'll see him," Maxwell answered. "We're almost there. He lives in a cabin not far from here."

"He's a real Indian, isn't he?" the boy asked.

"As real as they come," Maxwell said. "He's a Cherokee. His name is Joe."

The boy wrinkled up his forehead in an approximation of a frown. "Joe doesn't sound like a real Indian's name to me," he said.

"He's a real Indian and his name is Joe," Maxwell answered. "What's the matter with being named Joe? You almost got named Joe yourself."

The boy looked unconvinced. "Was his name always Joe?"

"It's been Joe ever since I've known him. When I first met him, I wasn't any bigger than you are. Your grandfather took me to see him. It was my birthday. We were going fishing together, just as we are now. Your grandfather always took me fishing on my birthday."

"Did you catch any fish?"

"Of course we caught some fish," Maxwell said. "Your grandfather was a good fisherman."

"You're a good fisherman too, aren't you?" the boy said.

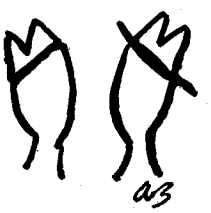
"I'm not as good as your grandfather was," Maxwell replied. "He was a fine fisherman."

"But we'll catch some fish, won't we?"

"I hope so. It all depends on whether we can get them to bite or not. You don't catch a fish every time you go fishing, you know."

"You said we'd catch some," the boy said. "You promised. You even promised on the train when we came down from New York."

Maxwell tried to recall what he had said. He knew he hadn't promised, not in so many words, but he could easily understand how the boy might think he had. He began to feel worried. He remembered how people used to make promises to him when he was a boy and how the promises had not always been kept, and he remembered the lessening of affection and trust that a broken promise had always caused. He didn't want anything like that to happen to him and the boy.



"I didn't really promise, did I?" he said. "Are you sure?"

"You promised," the boy said flatly. "You said you'd show me how to catch a fish."

"We'll have to catch one, then," Maxwell answered. "A promise is a promise."

THE path led downward toward the sounds of the stream. The woods were dark, but they were not gloomy. Patches of stippled sunlight fell across the path, and the air, damp with the nearness of water, was fresh with the smell of earth and pine. They walked on for a few minutes and came to a place where another jut of rock, larger and more jagged than the first, blocked their way. Maxwell climbed over it, his creel dangling across his shoulder, and waited for the boy to follow him. The boy climbed cautiously, searching for footholds. Maxwell sat down on a boulder that lay by the side of the path and watched him. "If he cracks his head, he cracks it," he thought. "He's right about not being a baby. I can't look out for him forever." He took out his pipe, filled it from his tobacco pouch, and lit it. The boy got to the top of the rock and began coming down the other side. He missed his footing, started to tumble, and saved himself with his hands. "He's going to crack his skull," Maxwell said to himself. "He's going to, surer than hell." The boy came slowly down the side of the rock. Maxwell tried to think if he had ever had any trouble navigating it, but could not. All he could think of was a girl he had once been in love with, who had sometimes gone fishing with him. He could see her climbing across the rock, wearing a pair of blue denim pants rolled above her knees and a white shirt open at the throat, looking at him with the residue of last night's secrets lying at the bottom of her eyes. He tried to remember what she looked like, the straight line of her nose and her small red mouth, but found that he couldn't. Everything was blurred.

The boy slid down the rest of the rock on his stomach and came to where Maxwell was sitting. Maxwell rested a hand on his shoulder. "Good going," he said. "Let's sit down a while."

The boy sat on the boulder beside him. Maxwell drew in on his pipe. His head was full of the things that had happened in the past. He wondered where that girl was, and what had happened to her, and if she was still as ardent as she used to be.

"How old are you now?" the boy asked suddenly.

"I'm forty," Maxwell said. "I've been forty ever since I woke up this morning."

"That's awful old, isn't it?" the boy said. "Will I ever get to be as old as forty?"

Maxwell grinned at him. "Every-

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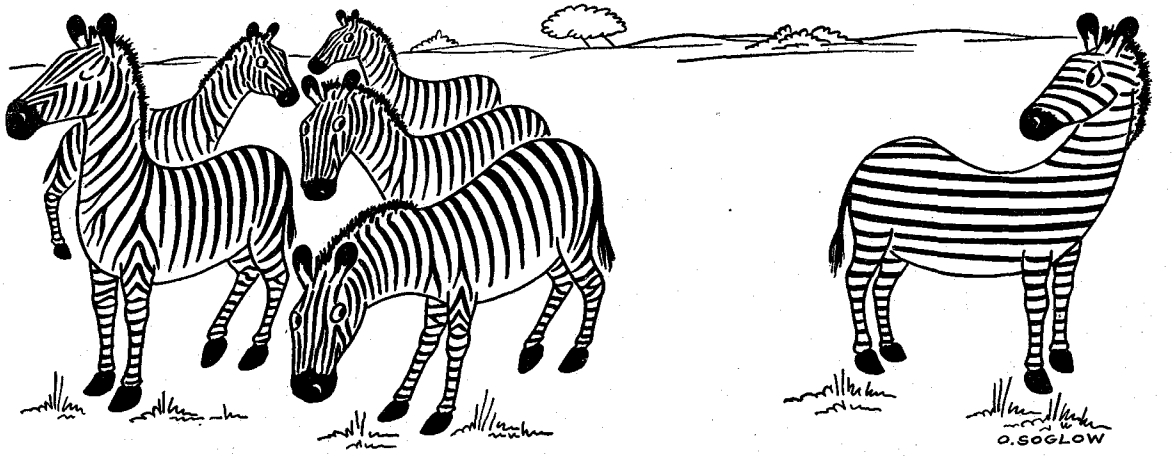

body who lives long enough gets to be forty," he said. "It's something that happens to everybody. You think it can't possibly happen to you, but it happens just the same."

"Has it happened to the Indian?" the boy asked. "Is he forty?"

"Oh, he's much more than forty. He must be at least sixty-five."

"That's *very* old, isn't it? Does he have a beard?"

"No. Indians don't have beards."

"Why don't they?"

"They just don't."

"Uncle Robert has a beard."

"That's different. He just let his beard grow."

The boy thought it over for a moment. "Why doesn't the Indian let *his* beard grow?" he asked.

"He doesn't have any beard to let grow," Maxwell said. "Indians don't have beards."

"Not ever?"

"No, not ever. At least, I think not ever."

Maxwell found that his pipe had gone out. He struck a match and lit it again. The boy watched him quietly. He was plainly still thinking about the relationship between age and beards.

"Is Uncle Robert as old as the Indian?" he asked.

"Of course not," Maxwell said. "Your Uncle Robert is just twenty-nine. That's why he's in the Army, walking down some street in Paris with stripes on his sleeve and a girl on his arm. It's a fine thing to be in Paris. It's also a fine thing to be twenty-nine. It's part of the age of fable."

"What's the age of fable?"

"It's being twenty-nine and in Paris with a girl on your arm. Come on. Let's go see that Indian."

"Does he have a scalp lock?"

"No. Scalp locks have gone out of style. Indians don't have them any more."

"Real Indians do," the boy said. "They do in my book. Why doesn't your Indian have a scalp lock?"

"Because he doesn't want to get scalped, that's why. He's just a poor old Indian who needs his scalp to keep his head covered. Let's get going. I want you to see that Indian for yourself."

THE Indian lived in a cabin that stood in the woods not far from the stream. The cabin was made of logs chinked with clay, and a clay chimney sagged crookedly at one end of it. A thin coil of blue smoke was rising from the chimney when Maxwell and the boy came in sight of the cabin, but there was no sign of the Indian. When they were within fifty yards of the cabin, Maxwell called out the Indian's name at the top of his voice. The boy jumped at the noise. Maxwell smiled at him and patted him lightly on the shoulder. The boy's intentness disturbed him. He began to wish he hadn't talked so much about the Indian.

A liver-spotted hound bounded from behind the cabin and began barking at them. He was an old hound with a deep voice. He stood in front of the cabin and barked with his head thrown back. His ears flapped loosely and the sound of his barking rose above the noises of the stream.

"Will he bite?" the boy asked.

Maxwell shook his head. "He couldn't bite even if he wanted to. He doesn't have any teeth left."

"What's his name?"

"I don't remember. I think it's Jack, but I'm not sure."

The boy looked at the barking dog. "Jack's not much of a name for a real Indian's dog," he said.

Maxwell took the boy's hand in his and walked toward the dog. The small cleared space before the cabin was full of trash. A broken wheelbarrow lay on its side near a scattered pile of kindling wood, its cradle red with rust, and a rusty hoe with half a handle was leaned against an old hickory chair that had no bottom. A pigpen made of split rails stood behind the cabin, and from it, between the hoarse barkings of the hound, there came the thick, wet snortings of a hog. The hog smell choked the air.

Maxwell was beginning to think the Indian must be off in the woods somewhere when he came to the door. He looked very old and wrinkled. He wore only a pair of dirty overalls and a torn gray felt hat that was streaked with old sweat stains. One corner of the loose bib of the overalls hung down on his chest, revealing the bones of his ribs beneath his mahogany-colored skin, and his arms were thin and wasted. The hound stopped barking when he came to the door.

"Hello, Joe," Peter said. "Remember me? I'm Peter Maxwell."

"Fish no good," the Indian said. "Most all gone. Pretty soon no fish left. Your daddy bring tobacco?"

"My father's dead," Maxwell told him. "He died last winter. But I brought you the tobacco. I also brought my boy. This is my son, Joe. His name is Patrick. He's never been fishing before."

The Indian looked at the boy very intently for an instant. His eyes were old and dark and impassive. The boy looked back at him. Maxwell opened his creel and took out a small parcel that contained six plugs of chewing tobacco. He handed it to the Indian, who took it without saying anything. The Indian unwrapped the parcel, letting the paper fall to the ground, and fingered the plugs of tobacco one by one. When he came to the last plug, he lifted it to his mouth and bit off a large chunk; then, without speaking, he went back into the cabin.

MAXWELL and the boy walked past the cabin and followed the path again. The hound barked after them for a time. In a few minutes they reached the stream. It ran in a narrow channel and there were many rocks in it. A large table of rock, screened by bushes, hung over the edge of a deep, circular pool. There was a small dam at the end of the pool and the water dropped over it whitely. Maxwell climbed onto the rock, followed by the

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boy, and looked at the pool. The excitement of fishing ran along his spine. He watched the pool, hoping a trout would rise, but none did. The water going over the dam made a tumbling sound. Maxwell remembered that the boy expected him to catch a fish and began to feel worried again. He felt that something very tenuous and very important was at stake. He tried to put it into words for himself but could not. He took the creel from his shoulder, got out his case of flies, and began putting his fly rod together. The boy stood watching him.

"Hey, you," Maxwell said. "Don't stand there loafing. Come and help me."

"I don't want to," the boy said. "I want to go home."

"Home?" Maxwell slipped the reel on and began rigging the line. "We just got here. Don't you want to see me catch a fish?"

"No," the boy said. "There aren't any fish in this old pool. You couldn't catch one, anyhow."

Maxwell stopped what he was doing and looked at the boy. He seemed troubled and unhappy, withdrawn into a world of his own. He looked too small and young for trouble, without any defenses, too helpless and exposed. Maxwell felt a tightness come into his chest. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Is anything wrong? What did you think of the Indian?"

"He wasn't an Indian," the boy said, with a bitterness that startled him. "You know he wasn't. He was just a dirty old man."

"But he is an Indian," Maxwell said. "Perhaps he doesn't look like one, but he is one just the same—a real, full-blooded Cherokee. I promise you he is."

"He isn't," the boy said, almost ready to cry. "I *know* he isn't. You just made it up about his being an Indian. You didn't tell the truth."

Maxwell knew it was useless to say anything further. He finished rigging up the line and tied on a leader. "Why didn't I tell him he wasn't going to see a story-book Indian in full regalia?" he said to himself. "Why the hell didn't I? He'll never believe a thing I say again." He opened his fly case and then looked at the boy. The boy's eyes met his and then looked away. Maxwell felt strangely deserted and alone.

"How about learning to cast?" he said. "Wouldn't you like to?"

"No," the boy said. "I want to go home."

Maxwell pretended to ponder over his fly case. "Which one shall we try first?" he forced himself to say. "A Silver Doctor or a Royal Coachman? How about the coachman? He's a pretty fellow, isn't he?"

He took out the fly and spun it along his thumb. The boy, submerged in his world of trouble, refused to look at it.

"There are some big trout in here," Maxwell went on. "Regular whoppers. Come on. Forget about that Indian. Let's catch us a fish."

The boy did not answer. Maxwell knotted the fly to the leader and began casting. The slow drift of the water carried the fly the length of the pool. The boy watched him indifferently.

"It's too bad your grandfather isn't here to teach you how to cast," Maxwell said. "He could hit a dime. This is the general idea, though. Don't you want to try it?"

"No," the boy said. "I want to go home."

Maxwell shrugged. "All right, you stubborn little mule," he said to himself. "Have it your own way. We'll go home." He was about to reel in the line when a trout exploded the water and took the fly. The trout dived quickly, dark and flashing, his frantic efforts to

"Young man, take that thing away!"

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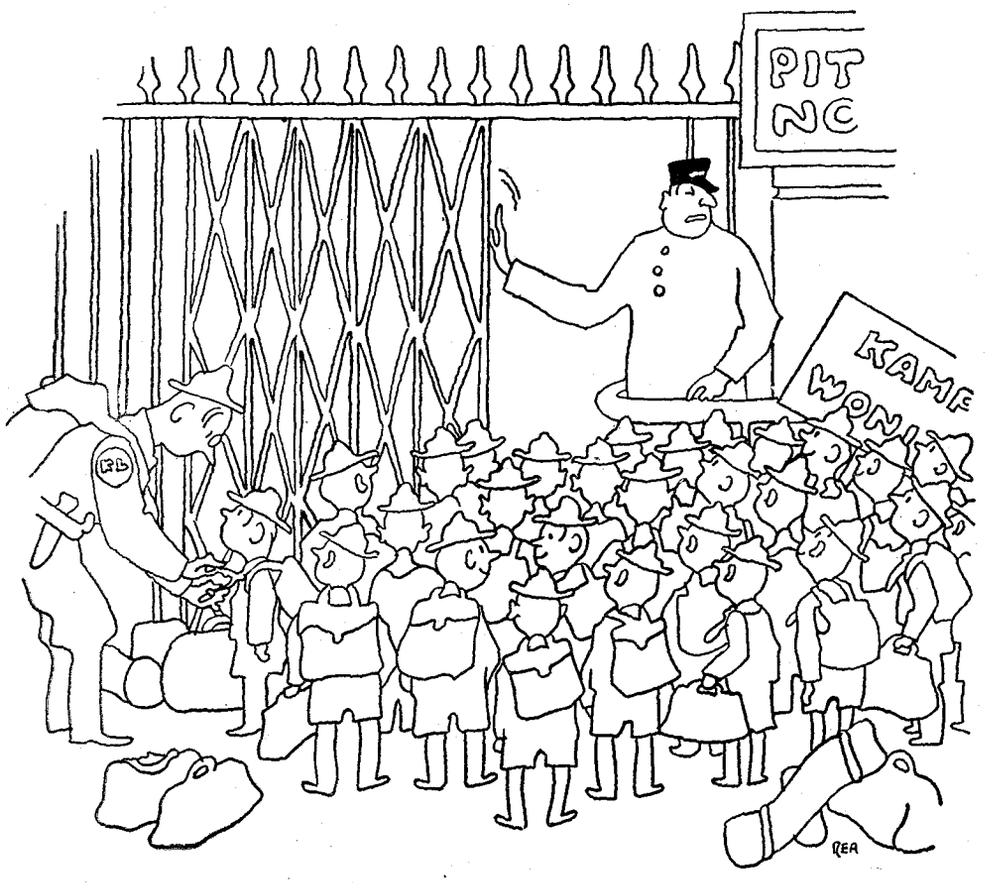

"Choo-choo for Golden's Bridge, Brewster, Chatham, Pittsfield, North Adams."

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free himself quivering along the line. Maxwell began to play the fish. The line went slack and Maxwell thought he had lost him, but then the trout broke through the water, gasping and flapping in the air.

"Look, Daddy!" the boy cried out. "You've got a fish! You've caught one!"

The trout dived again, going deeper than before. Maxwell paid out the line carefully. The line went slack as the trout came out of his dive and Maxwell stripped it taut again. The trout was big and full of fight. Maxwell let him have more line and he headed for the dam at the far end of the pool. He came up to the surface, leaped from the water, and dived a third time. Maxwell brought the line taut, and then, as it went suddenly dead, cursed beneath his breath. The line had fouled on a snag. The boy saw the changed expression on Maxwell's face as he tried to free the line.

"What's the matter, Daddy?" he asked. "Did he get away?"

"Not yet, but soon," Maxwell said, tugging gently at the line. The line came free, but, even as it did, Maxwell knew the trout was gone. "That does it," he thought, looking at the boy. "Now he'll add this to what he thinks was a lie about the Indian."

The boy was looking at him, waiting for him to speak.

"I lost him," he said. "The leader broke."

MAXWELL put on a new leader and another fly and started casting again. He fished the pool and the stream above the pool, and then he fished the white water below the dam. He fished for half an hour without getting a strike. He went back to the rock, where the boy was waiting for him. "It's time to quit," he said. "They'll be expecting us for lunch."

He unjointed his rod and put his tackle away and they started back through the woods. Neither of them said anything until they saw the Indian's cabin. The Indian was sitting in the doorway and the liver-spotted hound was lying at his feet. The hound growled at them but did not bark.

"There's that old dog," the boy said cheerfully. "There's that old Indian, too."

Maxwell glanced at him puzzledly. He tried to imagine what had happened to cause him to come to such a drastically different opinion about the Indian, but the complications of the boy's thought were beyond him.

"Wasn't that a big trout we caught?" the boy said, still speaking in the same happy tone. "He was a whopper, wasn't he?"

"He was a whopper, all right," Maxwell said. "He must have been twelve inches long. It's too bad he got away."

"But we *caught* him, didn't we?"

Maxwell did not want to shake his head, but he shook it anyway. "No, we didn't," he said. "We just hooked him. Hooking and catching are two different things. You only catch a fish when you land him. You don't count the ones that get away."

"All right, then," the boy said emphatically. "We *hooked* him. We hooked us a whopper of a trout. I'll bet even my grandfather never hooked a trout as big as that. Look at that old Indian sitting there. Are we going to stop and talk to him?"

"We haven't time," Maxwell said. "We've got to get on home."

When they passed the cabin, he lifted his hand to the Indian. The Indian sat impassively in the doorway.

"I just got one strike," Maxwell called out to him. "He got away."

The Indian grunted something he could not understand. The dog growled and started barking at them. They went up the path, into the woods of pine and hemlock, the sound of the dog's barking finally ceasing.

"Did you hear what that old Indian said?" the boy asked brightly. "He said 'Ugh.' That proves he's a real Indian. All real Indians say 'Ugh.' He certainly is a fine old Indian. I knew he was a real Indian all the time."

The boy ran ahead of Maxwell and scampered up the path. Maxwell felt very grateful to him. It was a strange thing, being grateful to a child, and he could not get used to it. He suspected, however, walking up the path that wound through so much of his life, touching on love and death and early sorrow, that it had something to do with the fact that today was his birthday and that the age of fable was past.

—HAMILTON BASSO

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From a Sutton Cinema program*]

This is the time for the knockout blow to the despicable Japs, this is also the time to keep inflation from ruining the results of a victory in Europe. Let's make it a Pyrrhic victory. Buy War Bonds.

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MY NAME IS EDGAR D. MOSS, AND I'M THE ATTORNEY FOR THE PLAINTIFF

GOOD morning, ladies and gentlemen. Here, in the Central Jury Room, we have two little customs which we are always observing. The first is to acquaint the prospective jurors with the nature of the case before said case is actually tried before His Honor in the courtroom downstairs, and, two, is for the two attorneys to acquaint themselves with the type juror who is gonna sit in judgment on the case.

Before proceeding further, may I say that my name is Edgar D. Moss and I'm the attorney for the plaintiff. In other words, I'm here representing Miss Harriet Boykin, who is bringing suit against the defendants—the Sol-Kap Corporation, I believe, owners of the cafeteria called the Liberty Bell, located at 237 West Thirty-eighth Street, this city. Defense counsel is the gentleman standing there in the nicely pressed pin-stripe blue suit, Mr. Philip Fingerman, of the law firm of Ellison & Vogel, of 270 Broadway. Have I got the correct law firm, Mr. Fingerman, or am I confusing them with two other fellas? . . . Thank you. I'm a great believer in getting the facts right.

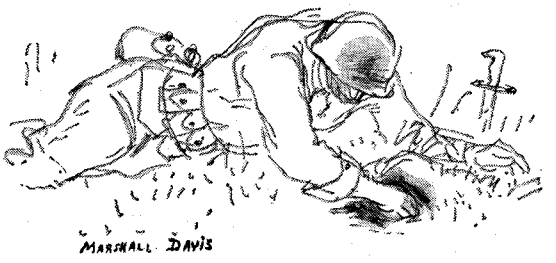
Seriously, ladies and gentlemen, the reason I mention all these names is to find out if you are acquainted, or perhaps have some knowledge of either the plaintiff, the defendant, or counsel for same. . . . I take it by your silence that no one is so acquainted or has any such knowledge. Very good.

Now lemme ask you this. Do any of you folks know, by some chance or other, the personnel who operate and run this aforementioned cafeteria? In other words, I'm trying to find out if the Liberty Bell rings a bell in your mind, if I may indulge in a quip. . . . Again I take it, by the fact you don't reply, that a negative answer is indicated. Good.

Ladies and gentlemen, I should like to outline very briefly the facts upon which Miss Harriet Boykin and I, as her attorney, are basing our suit against the Sol-Kap Corporation. Oh, yes, before proceeding further, may I ask this question? Have any of you folks sitting before me ever eaten in the Liberty Bell? I know that even in the best regulated families we all have our troubles with ration points and we frequently step out to eat in public places. And wherever you go nowadays, be it table d'hôte or à la carte, the restronts are crowded and we have to wait for a table. Now, when we don't get the prewar service we are accustomed to, or perhaps the food isn't up to the par we expect, why, some of us are inclined to bear a grudge against the place. I'm sure counsel for defense doesn't want any prejudiced or biassed person sitting on the jury with a hostile attitude toward his client, any more than I'd want such an attitude harbored toward my client. Hence I'm asking you good people to be frank enough to speak up should such a prejudicial feeling exist, either *for* or against the Liberty Bell. . . . It doesn't? Good!

Briefly, the specific incident which culminated in the issue you will be asked by His Honor to decide—either in favor of my client, or, should it be your considered judgment, in the defendant's behalf—took place on or around twelve noon on a certain date—which I'll go into later—when my client, Miss Boykin, left her place of employment to have lunch at the Liberty Bell, accompanied by a fellow-employee who, and this I have every intention of proving to your full satisfaction, had, *only two weeks previous to the time whereof I speak*, called the manager's personal attention to the fact that a certain area of the floor, covered by a linoleumlike substance, was so completely worn away that a hole, oh, I'd say about one and one-quarter inches deep and about— Parm me, Mr. Fingerman? . . . Well, I see no reason why I can't— Oh, all right.

Ladies and gentlemen, I'll give you the specific measurements with regards to the hole later, when I formally present the case. In any event, this hole was visible and gaping. Now, *in spite* of this deficiency being called to the manager's attention, said manager, who, as I am sure His Honor will later instruct you, bears the full responsibility for the care and maintenance of said floor in a public eating place, he neglected to take proper cognizance of this condition, with the result that my client, Miss Harriet Boykin, entered the cafeteria with her fellow-employee, went to the stand where the trays and the tools, if you'll pardon the vernacular expression, are generally kept, equipped herself with the necessary equipment, and then went to the counter to select the desired food, which she naturally placed on her tray.



Following that, Miss Boykin looked around, saw an unoccupied table, and headed for it, with the full intention of sitting down and partaking her lunch. Suddenly, as she approached the aforementioned unoccupied table, her toe was caught in the gaping hole, causing her to trip and to spill the contents of her tray all over the place. Rather, I should say, on the floor. Miss Boykin fell down on her leg, and, being a somewhat heavily set person, she sprained her ankle severely, thus causing it to swell and become discolored—in other words, black and blue.

You shall hear the party who was with her—namely, her fellow-employee—take the stand and testify to the fact that she helped Miss Boykin, who was completely unable to rise by herself, get up, that the commotion finally attracted the manager, who came running forth and said to my client, "What's the matter? What's happened?" He was so— Parm me, Mr. Fingerman? . . . What's the difference if I— O.K., O.K.

Excuse the interruption, ladies and gentlemen. My worthy opponent, Mr. Fingerman, objects to certain remarks which the manager is alleged to have said. In any event, when the manager was apprised of what happened, he summoned a cab, and one of the busboys, in company with Miss Boykin's fellow-employee, took my client to a certain physician's office. I'll submit proof to you that my client's ankle was examined and X-rayed thoroughly for any possible broken bones or torn tendons and ligaments, that the injured portion of her limb was strapped, and that she was confined to her home for three solid weeks, without any remuneration whatsoever. At the conclusion of the three-weeks period mentioned, Miss Boykin, with the aid of a rubber-tipped cane, returned to her place of employment. I intend to prove that to this very day my client has trouble with her ankle, the fall producing a condition of weakness so that she can't remain on her feet for any length of time.

Now, that's the entire issue in a nutshell. Frankly, I wasn't present when the accident took place. I didn't see the wornout linoleum-like floor and I didn't witness my client falling down and injuring her ankle. However, I intend to produce evidence which will corroborate the facts, and after you

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hear all the testimony in the matter and listen to His Honor explain the law to you and ask you to use your everyday common sense in arriving at a fair and equitable verdict, I confidentally expect you to find for the plaintiff and to award her an adequate amount for the damages she sustained, plus various expenses which I intend to go into in more detail when the case is formally presented for your consideration.

LADIES and gentlemen, now that you all have a full and comprehensive idea of the facts involved, is there anybody here who, either consciously or subconsciously, entertains some preconceived notion about the verdict? Is there anybody here, for instance, who feels that people carrying a tray, with both hands occupied, while they look around for an available space to sit down, still they ought to be aware of where they are going even if there is a gaping hole in the floor? Because if so, I say that such a person's mind is already made up and my client hasn't the fair and square chance entitled to by law. No matter how many witnesses I call to substantiate the facts, a prejudicial party isn't going to listen one iota to the testimony; his mind is made up at the very start. Am I right in my assumption such a preconceived notion doesn't exist? . . . Thank you.

Now, is there anyone here who feels, "Shucks, my time is so valuable and here I have to sit in a courtroom just because some smart aleck or other gets a brainstorm to go ahead and slap a suit on somebody. Therefore I'll teach him a lesson not to bother people and waste their valuable time"? I admit there are some nuisance cases where an attitude like that is perhaps very understandable. Anybody here feel that way? . . . Very good.

Lemme assure you good people that it's humanly impossible for me to crawl into your minds. I have no knowledge of mental telepathy whatsoever, and if I did, I'd be on the radio earning Dunninger's income instead of being here representing my client, Miss Harriet Boykin. Therefore, I ask you once more to be honest with me—yes, and with yourselves. If you are sitting downstairs in the jury box with your minds firmly set, determined to penalize my client for some mysterious reason or other, I say such an attitude is decidedly unfair and you are not fulfilling your hundred-per-cent duty as a good citizen. I take it there is no one who feels that way. Correct?

Well, I've been somewhat very serious up to now that perhaps you'll indulge me just one note of levity. Do any of you think because the cafeteria is called the Liberty Bell that you might feel it's perhaps unpatriotic in wartime to find against a place with such, well, such an American name? . . . I'm glad to see your intelligence is beyond such a foolish conclusion.

By the way, is there anybody here who has ever been sued or has brought suit against any party or parties? . . . Any of your close relatives ever been involved in a court action? . . . Well, well! It's a lucky thing for my profession that everyone isn't in your category, else Mr. Fingerman and I might really have to take up perhaps manual employment.

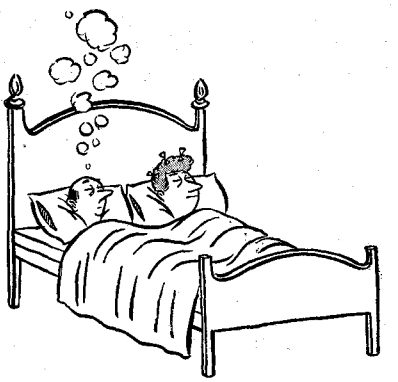
Seriously speaking, though, is there anyone present who own stocks or bonds or has any interest whatsoever in any liability-insurance company? . . . I gather from your silence that you haven't such stocks or bonds, and perhaps wish you had some. Believe me, I know that feeling.

NOW, I hold before me this rack with cards containing your names on it. I see that Juror Number 1, your foreman, is Mr. Fland. Mr. Fland, I hope you won't think I'm prying into your personal affairs if I ask one or two questions, not from any motive of inquisitiveness, lemme assure you, but rather to get an idea of the composition of the jury. In other words, the various types you people are composed of. According to this card, Mr. Fland, you are retired. That right? . . . I guess we all wish we could achieve that point where we could sit back and take things easy. Would you mind informing me, Mr. Fland, what type business or profession you were in previous to your retirement? . . . A sales manager? You mind being a little more specific with regards the nature of the business? I mean, specifically. . . . Oh, a piece-goods house. I see. Now, the fact that your work was more along executive lines wouldn't influence you against someone who was an employee, would it, Mr. Fland? . . . A very sensible attitude, sir. We *are* in a democracy.

This card says you're a housewife, Mrs. Portnow. Correct? Well, judging from your appearance, I'd say your husband ate substantially well, even in spite of the ration-point problem. . . . What's that? . . . Oh, a butcher! Well, well, no wonder! I bet you've got friends nowadays who never existed before the war. Seriously, Mrs. Portnow, how do you feel about the matter? I mean, you're prepared to weigh the evidence and the testimony, sticking only to the facts and rendering a fair decision? . . . Thank you. That's all I'm entitled to and that's all I ask.

Mr. Boyle, I see you're a compositor. And how do you feel about the matter? . . . The same as Mrs. Portnow—no prejudices whatsoever. Good.

Mr. Minelli—is that the correct pronunciation, Minelli? And my card here tells me you're a storekeeper. Might I ask precisely what kind of store you keep? . . . I see. . . . Oh, you have? With linoleum? . . . Well, then you ought to be thoroughly acquainted with the proper condition a floor should be kept in. Tell me, Mr. Minelli, do you think you could be completely impartial about this? I mean, you wouldn't be putting yourself in the defendant's shoes just because there's linoleum on your floor—mentally speaking, I mean? In other words, you'd go into that



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courtroom with no thoughts at all and let the facts speak for themselves and render your judgment accordingly—is that right? . . . I'll take a chance you'll do just that. Thank you.

Mrs. Brecker . . . oh, Bricker! Excuse me. Mrs. Bricker, you're a music teacher, I see. You specialize in any particular form? . . . The piano? Very nice. I suppose mostly classical stuff? . . . I see. And how do you feel with regards these questions you've heard? . . . Completely open-minded. Fine!

Mr. Sperber, my information tells me you are a baker. Correct? Well, you ought to get together with Mrs. Portnow's husband, and we'd have the butcher and baker, and only the candlestick maker would be missing. Seriously speaking, Mr. Sperber, what's your—Pardon? Of course you could ask a question—as many as you wish. . . . Spell my client's name? It's Boykin—B-o-y-k-i-n. . . . You think you know someone with—no, no—*Boy*kin, not Botkin. . . . Then you don't know her? . . . Oh, not at all. I realize you wish to be completely fair and impartial. In fact, I'm glad you gave me the opportunity to clarify my client's name for you. Harriet *Boy*kin.

Well, well—Mrs. MacArthur! You're not by any chance related to our great general, Douglas MacArthur? . . . It's the same last name, that's why I asked. You mind telling me your husband's business? . . . A certified public accountant? I see. You know if, by any chance, his accounts include restronts? . . . I understand. In other words, he never discusses his business affairs with you—is that correct? . . . And you feel . . . Thank you.

Donald Charters, and it says, "Actor." Don't tell me we have with us a celebrity in our midst. Are you currently playing on Broadway right now, Mr. Charters? Oh, radio. You're not on any of these programs where money is given away, by any chance? . . . Oh, commercials, mostly. I see. I thought perhaps if you were on these quiz programs, you could tip us off on some of the questions. Seriously, though, how do you feel about what I've been asking? . . . In other words, you haven't any preconceived thoughts, and you'd like to be convinced, either side. Right? . . . That's eminently fair, Mr. Charters.

This card informs me you're in real estate, Mr. Schiller. Does that mean—a landlord! Well, well, with the housing shortage and what not, it's the landlord who really is a celebrity today. I hope you'll give me your autograph when we're through. But all joking aside, Mr. Schiller, you feel that if I can successfully convince you that a public restront neglected to relieve a dangerous condition, thus injuring my client, you'd find for the plaintiff and—please, Mr. Schiller, that's precisely what I'm coming to. And if I failed to prove the facts, you'll render against my client. Right? . . . Have you ever been sued, Mr. Schiller? . . . And how long have you been in the real-estate business? . . . Twelve years and never been sued? Now, that is what I call phenomenal! Maybe somebody ought to tell Ripley about you.

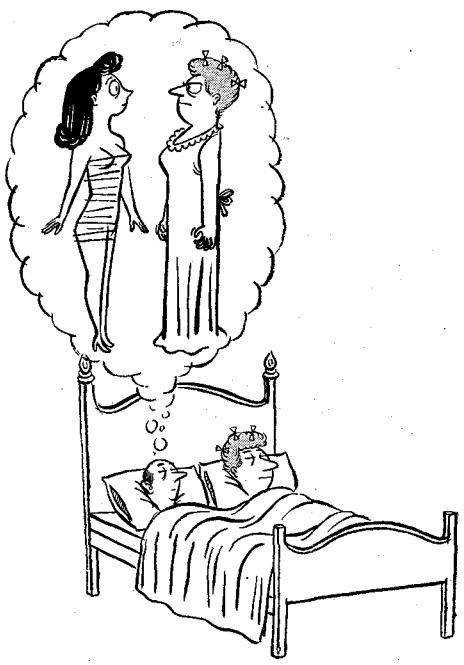
Mr.—is that Kraus or Klaus? . . . Mr. Kraus, I see you're a club steward. Have you ever been on a jury before? . . . Then you know that after His Honor explains the law, he will then ask you to very carefully consider what you've seen in the way of evidence and heard in the way of testimony, and to give your opinion solely on the basis of what you believe are the true facts? Is that assumption correct, Mr. Klaus—oh, pardon me—Mr. Kraus? . . . And you're prepared to do just that, without bias or prejudice? . . . Thank you.

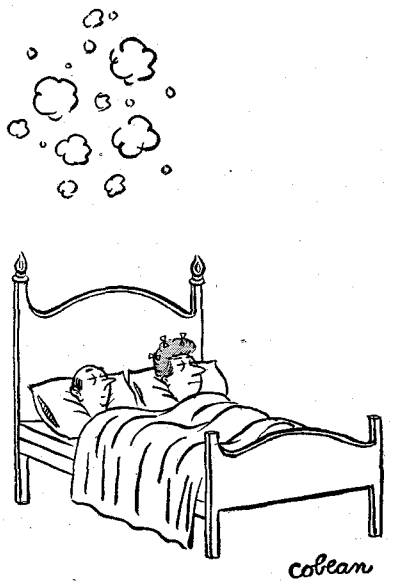
Mr. Callahan, I see that you are an usher. Might I ask where you work? At the Strand? Any chances of getting some passes? Don't take me too seriously. I really mean that as a jest. Tell me, Mr. Callahan, what's your attitude on the matter? . . . I see . . . Uh-huh, solely on the evidence and testimony, regardless of anything else.

Mrs. Faber? . . . Oh, *Miss* Faber. Miss Faber, you are an interior decorator. In other words, you decorate and design and furnish homes. Right? . . . The reason I ask, a few weeks ago a certain gentleman was seated before me, same way as you are, and I see the card describes him as an interior decorator. He didn't strike me the least bit the aesthetic-type person you'd call in to discuss your draperies or your breakfront, and when I questioned him, I found out his interior decorating took the form of being a bartender. . . . Well, I'm certainly glad to see you people all have such good senses of humor. . . . Miss Faber, it took me some time to get around to you, but even if you are the last juror, lemme assure you that you are certainly not the least. Now, how do you express yourself with regards the questions you've heard me asking? . . . Precisely the same as the others! And you'll apply the same common-sense judgment you use in your everyday interior-decorating work in arriving at your decision. Correct? . . . Well, that suits me to a T.

NOW, ladies and gentlemen, before Mr. Fingerman takes over to explain matters from *his* point of view, lemme say that I feel that once I lay the full facts before the type people I've just questioned, I have every confidence that they will be so impressed with said facts as to render a verdict in behalf of my client, Miss Boykin, the plaintiff. I am so confident, I may add, that instead of challenging any of you jurors, which is my right as well as Mr. Fingerman's right, I am perfectly willing to take my chances and accept a jury as represented by you ladies and gentlemen. Thank you.

—ARTHUR KOBER





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MISS PERKINS, MEET MR. McNUTT

[*Frances Perkins, quoted in the Times*]

The one word I hate is manpower, and I hope we will do away with it.

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ASIA FOR THE ASIATICS

MR. ZUNG must have crawled out from under the cornerstone of some building in Hong Kong soon after the Japs took over. Before the war I had never seen him around; I'm sure of that. Once seen, Mr. Zung and his clothes could not be forgotten. His face was memorable, because you don't see many Negroid faces in the Far East. Mr. Zung was only half Negro (or rather half West Indian; he insisted on the distinction), but it showed up in his features and coloring far more than did his Chinese half. I called him Mr. Zung to his face because I was polite to him, but I think that now I am out of his reach it will be safe to be familiar and call him by his first name, Frankie. I thought of him as Frankie. Conditions in an occupied city are apt to make one hypocritical and I pretended to far more respect for Frankie than I really felt.

He was good-looking, if you like them soft. He had a brown skin and big eyes set far apart, very black and tilting ever so slightly. He wore a bright-blue coat with padded shoulders, vividly striped gray trousers, and a felt hat of a pastel green. He looked well satisfied with life the first time I saw him, just after the surrender. You could see he was happy from the way he strutted. Though I didn't know Frankie, Frankie knew me, and he made that very clear, running after me in Nakameiji Dori (formerly Queen's Road) to tell me so.

"How've *you* been?" he said heartily. "You look O.K. A little thinner, maybe, but I guess you don't mind that. Boy, oh boy, what a war it was! Wasn't it?"

I agreed that it had been quite a war. I was wondering who on earth he was, and my words were absent-minded and lacked conviction, but Frankie didn't mind.

"I'm getting along fine," he said. "You know where I used to work, for the Department of Health? Well, I'm still working there. Yes, sir, right now, only with a Japanese boss. But I've got a better job there now. These Japs, they gave me a swell job."

Frankie's story, as gradually I learned it, interested me very much. It was hard in those days to maintain a detached point of view, but I was always trying to, and I had forced myself to admit, soon after the surrender, that there was one thing in the ostensible Japanese war aims that ought to be pleasing to anyone raised in a democracy. Not that you would expect any of us Hong Kong Americans to be happy, trapped far from home and forced to listen to the Japs shouting on the radio and the movie screen and in the papers, "Asia for the Asiatics! Down with the whites!" But when they said the white imperialists had been wickedly unfair to the non-Caucasian peoples, well, they were telling the truth. To be sure, it often looked as if the Japanese had grabbed Hong Kong only in order to kick the Chinese around more thoroughly than the British had ever thought of doing. But they had evidently done well by Frankie, at least. He was more than satisfied.

The Japanese, he told me that day I met him, liked any colored person in the world, anyone at all, as long as he wasn't white. They made big promises to all the colored races. Not only in China, they said, not only in India and Malaya and the Philippines, but in the Near East too, and in South America and Africa and everywhere else, the colored peoples were all going to be liberated. The Red Indians of North America would rise up and find their place in the sun. Everyone, everywhere.

There aren't many people with Negro blood in Hong Kong and the Japs couldn't demonstrate their intentions toward them to any great extent, but evidently they had been delighted with Frankie. As soon as they found him, they had set about carrying out their promises. As a reward to him for being half Negro, they had made him secretary of the Health Department, he told me. He was living on the Peak, and, as he described it, he was king of the hospitals. His job was to collect instruments and beds to stock these big empty buildings, which had been cleaned out by the victorious Japanese Army in the first wild days of conquest and loot. Confusing as it may seem, this is what happened all over the city: The first Jap soldiers to arrive looted the hospitals and sold the stuff to Chinese, then the Chinese sold the same stuff in the open market places that suddenly appeared along the streets, and finally the Japanese authorities tried to buy it all back again through agents like Frankie. He told me he was sure that, given time, he would be able to find the surgical instruments again, the microscopes and fluoroscopes and X-ray machines and all those things. They were bound to turn up sooner or later; it stood to reason. Then he would buy them back for the Japanese Government, which was willing to pay him a good commission as a compensation for not giving him much of a salary in his Health Department job. In the meantime he was buying beds and bandages and cotton—anything he could think of a hospital could use.

"I'm making lots of money," said Frankie. "They're swell fellows. You know any officers?"

"No," I said.

"Well, you'd ought to," Frankie said. "It's worth while to know some gendarmes and it don't hurt even to know the Army, like these fellows who let me buy supplies. But I'm shining up specially to the gendarmes and I'll tell you why. My wife is interned out at Stanley and I kind of want to get her free again. At the beginning we thought she ought to go in because we didn't know how we were going to eat or anything and it seemed like the thing to do, seeing as she's American. But now I got this job, why not take her out again?"

I said, "I didn't know you were married," which was quite true, since I didn't know anything about him at all.

"Oh, yes," he said. "Didn't you know that? Yes, sir, I got an American wife. I went out there to Stanley to see her a couple of times. Of course the Army, they let me go in and visit her when I want. She don't like it too much out there, so I want to get her out."

I said that his sentiments were commendable and he laughed heartily.

"Got a wife, might as well have the good of it," he said. "Say, listen, there's a fellow up at the Health Department, name of Colonel Saito, big, good-looking fellow, and he likes white girls. All the time he asks me to find him white girls."

"Is that one of your duties as secretary of the Health Department?"

"Sure thing," he replied seriously. "Lots of them ask me, because I know my way around. Well, it isn't so easy finding white girls now, not without you like Eurasian girls. Well, Colonel Saito saw you yesterday in front of the bank and he likes you. So I tell you what I'll do. I'll bring him in to your place Sunday afternoon for tea. That's what I'll do." He smiled benevolently and started to walk away. Then he stopped and

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said, "And don't forget; *I* introduced you!"

It was very hard to convince Frankie that I didn't want to meet Colonel Saito. I told him so emphatically, but he couldn't believe me. He pointed out to me that a girl who is trying to get along in the world couldn't expect to start out with anything better than a colonel. Most girls were satisfied with majors, he said. How, he asked in honest puzzlement, did I expect to get along in Hong Kong if I took this attitude?

I settled it at last by saying I would not be at home on Sunday. Frankie, it was clear, realized what it would do to Saito's estimation of him if he took him to my house and I wasn't there, so he dropped the subject. He dropped me, too, it turned out. I had disappointed him. Just the same, I was interested in Mrs. Zung. What could she be like? I thought I had known all the Americans in town before the war, certainly the few American women with Chinese husbands who were still around the town.

IT was not many days later that I learned that Frankie had succeeded in effecting Mrs. Zung's liberation. The Japanese were so delighted that a white woman had married a Negro that they freed her without any argument, I was told. One day soon after I was introduced to her, I encountered her and Frankie in a downtown street. She was exceedingly thin, with fragile legs and transparent hands. She was a blonde and her hair was piled in elaborate, pale curls, so pale that I looked for the pink in her eyes that would show she was an albino. But she wasn't albino; she was just very blond. She had a strange manner. Either she stared at me in what looked like the last stages of fright or she lowered her light eyelashes and stared at the ground. She never said anything to me, not a word. She gulped at me, but that was all. Frankie laughed, showing his handsome teeth. "She's shy," he explained.

THERE isn't much to think about in Japanese-occupied territory. You have no daily news or books or music. You can't talk forever about the price of eggs and cabbage. So you fasten your mind on people. I had my mental teeth fixed in the subject of Mrs. Zung and I couldn't stop worrying it. What was she, where had she come from, and why? Why had I never seen her before the war, and why didn't I see her around more now? Why was she so afraid of me?

Zung explained it himself to some extent when I met him on the street one day, more than a year after our first meeting.

"My wife ain't feeling well," he said. "She's having a baby. What do you know about that?"

I said mechanically, as one does, "How nice."

"I don't know," said Frankie moodily. He walked along with me, his hands in the pockets of his natty striped trousers. "We didn't mean to do it," he said. "Only nowadays it isn't so easy to find a doctor to take it away. Well, never mind. Better luck next time."

We walked for a moment in silence. People didn't look surprised at seeing us together, as they would have before the war. "The Japanese have certainly succeeded in wiping out the color bar," I said to myself. If I had noticed Zung before the war, walking with his blond wife, I would have been amazed. But I had never seen him, and Hong Kong wasn't such a big town as all that. Why the devil hadn't I seen him, or anyway her?

"My wife," he said suddenly, just as if I had asked this question aloud, "has had a funny life. She grew up out here."

"In Hong Kong?"

"Well, in China," he said evasively. "She speaks Chinese pretty well. Her English isn't so hot. That's why she didn't talk to you when you met."

"That's very interesting," I said, and I meant it. "How did it happen?"

He evaded the question. "Grew up with a Chinese family," he said, and then he changed the subject.

It was no use telling myself to stop

"What drives me crazy is to think I got a hundred thousand bucks cached away and none of it earning a damned cent."

• •

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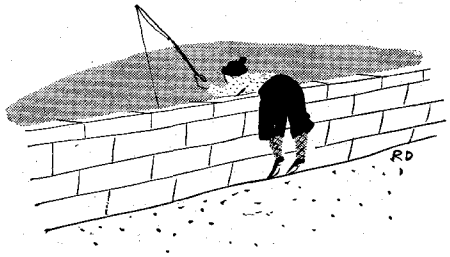
prying. I think I came pretty close to the truth after a while in my ponderings, anyway. It was fairly evident what Zung's main work had been before the war. He took so easily to that business of finding girls for the officers, and he had been so simple and direct about wanting to introduce me to Colonel Saito; wasn't he obviously one of those people we have rude names for? I thought so. I still think so. And his wife must have been somebody he managed. I didn't find out where she came from until much later, until I got back to the States and another American repatriate who had known her in Stanley told me. She was the daughter, they learned in Stanley, of a Norwegian-American woman who married a Chinese in America and came out to China, bringing with her a blond baby girl, her child by an earlier marriage. The little girl grew up in a village outside Canton and was married off, quite properly, according to Chinese custom, to an old gentleman of the neighborhood. But she ran away with Mr. Zung; her only evidence of American nationality was a little souvenir pillow stuffed with balsam needles and stamped with the name of a Michigan resort.

THE months went by. Frankie continued to buy hospital supplies for the government, and I ran into him now and again, because Hong Kong, a small community to start with, began, a year or so after the occupation, to shrink at a fairly rapid rate. The Japanese were trying to clear the town out. They frightened the poor people into running away into the countryside. Even after word was passed around that the countryside was in the grip of a famine, because the Army had stripped the farms of foodstuffs for hundreds of miles around, the Japs still insisted on getting rid of people. They loaded them into junks and sent them over the ocean to nearby Chinese ports, unloading them at whichever one was most convenient. This process was called "repatriation." After a while, the people found out that conditions where they had been sent were no better than Hong Kong, and they certainly weren't being repatriated, so they refused to go on the boats. Then the Japanese sent soldiers in trucks around the city to pick up people off the streets and put them on the boats without any argument about it. After this began, people stayed indoors, those who had a place to stay. If they had no homes to stay in, they huddled in alleyways. Then the Japanese began systematically cleaning out whole blocks, emptying them of people and sending everyone away. You met the people you knew oftener and oftener, because there were fewer other people every time you went downtown of a morning.

I began to wonder if Frankie was still enthusiastic about his friends, the conquerors. I felt that I was being fair and detached, as I sometimes tried to be, in saying that the Japanese were not, after all, keeping their promises. The Chinese had not been liberated so that you could notice it. The Japanese newspapers still shouted about how happy the Chinese were, and the Japanese radio still resounded with songs celebrating the New Order, and the Japanese movies still showed us how well off Hong Kong was. But the Chinese were hungry and growing hungrier. Though in general they were afraid to come out in the streets, they lined up in queues that went round and round the blocks in which the stores were, waiting for their turn to buy their tiny ration of cooking fuel or oil or salt or rice. People who had been respectable merchants turned into thieves. Thieves turned into beggars. There were about three hundred corpses to clear away every morning—people who had died of hunger in the night.



Still, some people made money. There were commodity brokers who found out how to make a lot of money. Many of them, Eurasians and Portuguese mostly, speculated in commodities of all kinds. They would buy up any sort of

HOMICIDE MAKES THE HEADLINES

Call for the heaviest type, the widest streamer,
Blow up the photograph, however blurred,
Across three columns. With enormous clamor
Trumpet the word.

This man, you see, was a respectable fellow,
Was rich enough (at least to please the press),
Belonged to clubs, was crowned as by a halo
With a good address,

And now is met with violence. The assassin
Has left behind no clear, essential clue
(Though the D. A., who's brought his shiniest brass in,
Says an arrest is due).

Banner it blackly. For the chap was slain,
But not on Okinawa or Borneo
With other thousands. This, the facts are plain,
Was strictly a private show.

The circumstances, too, are most unusual.
He was not storming a beach or leading a raid,
Nor fell in mortar fire nor felt the casual
Shock of the flung grenade,

But lay at his own door (see page eleven
For diagrams, details, a picture spread),
Newsworthier than the listings daily given
Of those, in battle, dead.

Yes, scream it out before the tale grows older,
That all may read it while the subways run,
May read at table, in buses, over some shoulder
On the 5:51,

And wag their tongues in loud astonishment
At death become a singular event.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

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"The way I figure it, what we lose in privacy we gain in increased property values."

• •

thing, and since the money we used had less and less value, their possessions grew more and more valuable. Frankie, I could tell, belonged in this category. His wife, when I met her shopping, looked like a prosperous man's wife. Though her legs seemed more and more like toothpicks as her body grew big, her hair was carefully piled in fat, pale curls, like bread sausages, and her shoes were new and shining. You had to be very rich indeed to own new shoes.

"It is really a turnover when Frankie Zung's wife can queen it in the town," I told myself, still being detached and not at all bitter. "If you want to be narrow and prudish, you can say that it is an outrage that a pimp's woman should flourish while the former queens of society starve out in Stanley. It is strange and interesting. She is living on the Peak, once the snootiest place in town; she can take her pick there of the houses that have been left, lost by the wealthy people who now huddle together in the huts of Stanley. But is it such an outrage? Are not all turnovers good in some way? The British were cruel with their color distinctions, and now they are being treated in the same way, dosed with their own medicine. It is just. It is only fair that I, an American white woman, should be wearing wooden clogs while Mrs. Zung has new patent-leather shoes." I rubbed the blisters on my heels and tried to feel better about it. Meantime, the Zungs learned to speak Japanese fairly fluently and spent all their time with the Army or the gendarmes.

As Mrs. Zung's time drew near, we all watched her the way you do in a small town, wondering if it would be this month or next. Frankie had taken to hanging about in a certain commodity broker's office, and after a while he acquired desk space there, and he sat at his desk and used the telephone and transacted a lot of business there. The broker, a Portuguese named Lopez, was a good friend of mine and often helped me out if I wanted a favor or a tip on where I could buy black-market rice. He explained that Frankie was an asset in the office, and he was glad to let him have the desk space without asking for rent.

"He's in with the gendarmes," Lopez

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explained. "I have reason to know that. He writes some sort of report every week. You want to be on the good side of a guy like that."

The little flurry of business that the brokers had blown up never achieved the dimensions of a real boom. Save for an occasional shipment of food, nothing came in to Hong Kong. Once in a great while the Japanese Government would allow some Japanese businessman to send a load of soap or Chinese medicine out of the city, but that happened less and less often, because Hong Kong is not a productive place. There was no longer any trade, manufacturing, or business of any sort. Hong Kong was dying.

Frankie's fortunes were declining, too. There came an end to the hospital fittings he was able to buy, and then there were no more commissions. He cast around for something else to exploit, and one day in Lopez's office, when I was there buying some black-market sugar, he gave me a hint of his next scheme—blackmail.

"You getting along all right?" he asked. "Everything O.K. at your house?"

"Why, yes," I answered. "We worry about money and food, like everybody else. This new ban on cooking with electricity hits us pretty hard because they took out our electric stove and we don't know how to get any other kind. But we haven't any *real* trouble."

Frankie spun his hat on one finger and studied his yellow shoes, whistling softly. "Gendarmes haven't been around to see you lately?" he asked.

"No," I said. I could feel my backbone tighten, and I looked him straight in the eye. "No," I said. "Why, should I expect them?"

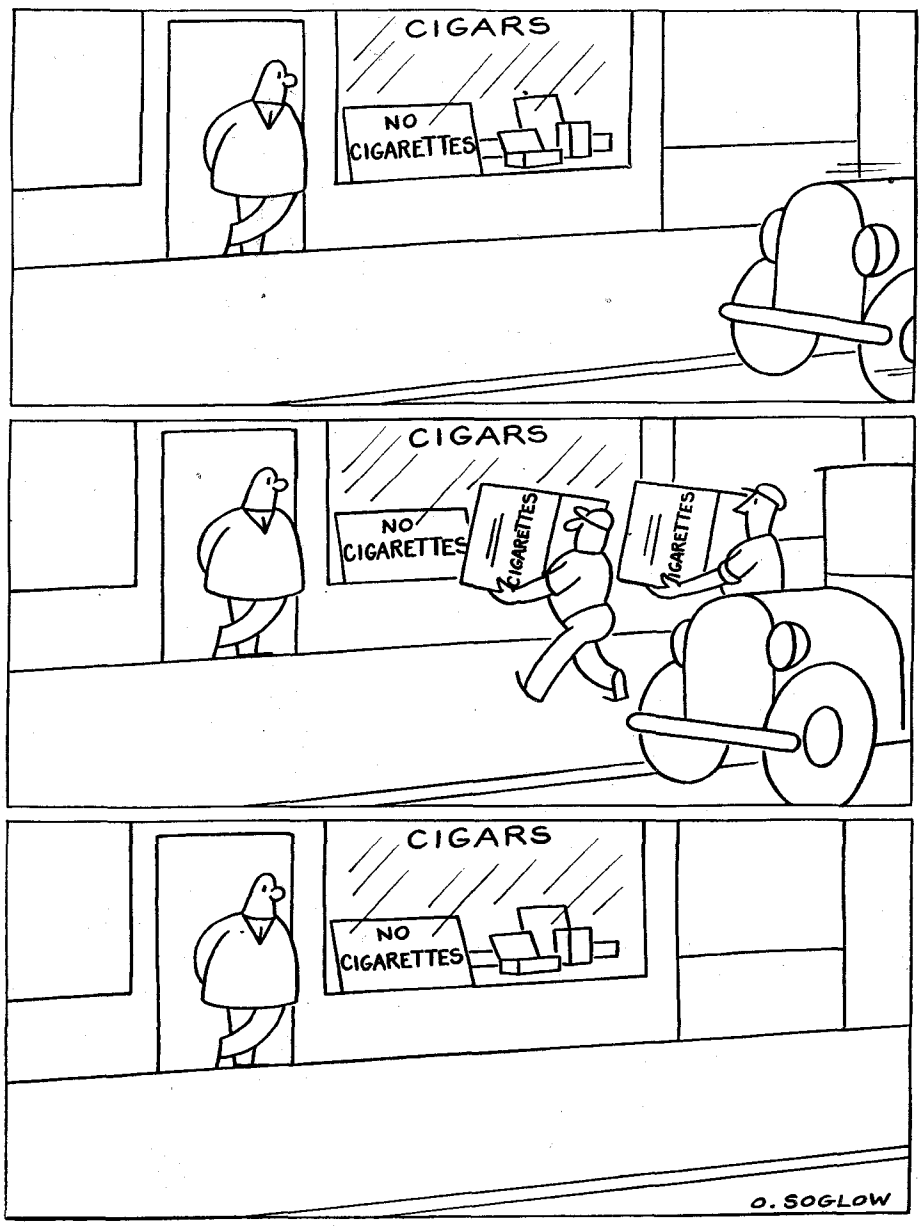
"I didn't say that," said Frankie.

"Some of my friends have been taken up," I said, "as you know."

"Yes, yes. I don't mean you to worry," said Frankie pleasantly. "But if ever you do have any—you know—trouble, just call on me. They know me."

"I wouldn't think of it, Mr. Zung," I said. "It wouldn't be worth your while. And that's the truth."

I went down into the street, shaking a little. I was angry and frightened. That idiot, I said to myself, is perfectly capable of turning me in if he thought it would pay. Everybody breaks half a dozen Jap rules every day in occupied territory; it is impossible not to. He could catch me, all right. This time I couldn't be detached. This, I said to myself, couldn't possibly have happened under British rule. There was no counterpart to this sort of thing with the whites. But perhaps Frankie had realized I was telling the truth. I would really be small pickings. I must have convinced him, for I heard no more about it.



Frankie's last little attempt to do business with me was made in the spring of 1943. The first American air raid over Hong Kong that year was in July. It was followed by others. The chief objectives were dockyards and gendarme headquarters, and the Americans did a nice job. Although the planes didn't come in spectacular numbers, the raid made an immediate difference in the town. The tired, poor, harried coolies brightened up and began living gaily on hope. The brokers and appeasers began to look worried. The yen, our unit of currency, began to drop faster and kept dropping. Frankie looked puzzled and unhappy whenever I met him and, though it was against the law to discuss the raids, he talked about them. The raids came often now, and his wife, he said, was frantic, which was natural, considering her condition. Not that he minded for himself; it was his wife. What did I think was going to happen? I didn't tell Frankie what I thought.

There came a day when I walked into Lopez's office in great excitement, and I didn't have to explain why because the news was there ahead of me. "So you're leaving us!" said Lopez. I wasn't surprised that he knew. People had stopped me on the street every few steps to talk about it.

"I'm being repatriated," I said. "In a couple of weeks."

"Well," said Lopez, who was a remarkably stupid man, "I think you're making a mistake. This is the place with a future for anybody who likes the Orient and, according to the news, America is in a bad way. You had bet-

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Only 180 days to Christmas dinner

The turkey you'll carve next Christmas day is a scraggly, awkward 4-ounce poult about now. In the next 180 days he'll grow to a plump, 18-pound beauty — if all goes well.

It's partly our business to see that all *does* go well. There are plenty of risks in turkey raising. Many a young turk doesn't live to reach market. And turkey troubles are often nutritional.

So National Dairy research developed a special protective feed for turkeys. It's a scientifically blended emulsion of buttermilk, cheese whey, and vitamins — which helps put an end to most nutritional worries on up-to-date turkey farms.

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National Dairy research is broad. It touches every field of dairy products — and discovers new ones — working always to win from milk, *nature's most nearly perfect food*, the greatest possible benefit for you and your family.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.

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The Starlight Roof
AT SUPPER
Borrah Minevitch's Harmonica Rascals
Danny O'Neil
DINNER AND SUPPER
Nat Brandwynne
and his orchestra
Mischa Borr
and his Orchestra
alternating at Supper
Cover from 10:30, $1;
except Fridays and Saturdays, $2
(No cover charge for Service Men and Women in Uniform)
LUNCHEON (daily) ...à la carte
SUNDAY DINNER-DANCE
Mischa Borr
and his orchestra (no cover)
The Waldorf Astoria

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ter take plenty of warm clothes along. There's no fuel in the United States and New York will be terribly cold when you arrive. You know how they always depend on central heating there. I've never been there myself, but I've heard about it."

I knew that he believed it and I didn't argue. Besides, maybe it was true. How could I tell? I had had no news from America since Pearl Harbor, almost two years before. I didn't think it could be true, but anything can happen in this world. It was no use arguing. I saw Frankie near the door, making gestures indicating that he wanted to talk to me alone. We walked slowly down the hall toward the elevator and he spoke in low tones.

"It's about my wife and this boat," he said. "I've decided to send her along to the States."

"Oh? Is she on the list?" I was surprised.

"Well, no." Frankie hesitated. "I didn't put her name down because I never thought the boat would really go, see, but now . . . Of course we're O.K., really, but probably these raids will go on for a little while, until they've shot down all the American planes, and the wife's a little nervous. After all, she's American. So I've decided to send her along."

I looked at him wonderingly. It was not so easy to get on that boat. "Do you think you can arrange it now, at the last minute?" I asked. "Do you know the list has been approved in Washington and it's closed now?"

"Oh, that's all right. The gendarmes could fix that," said Frankie. "They'd do anything for me. But I've been thinking. If the gendarmes go and tell the Foreign Affairs people to put her in, those Foreign Affairs people will be offended at me. You know how sensitive all these Japanese officials are. So I've decided it will look better if you do it."

"Me? I can't do anything. I can't—"

"You know the Foreign Affairs people," Frankie said. "You just take us in, see, and tell them about my wife. Of course if they say no, why, then the gendarmes will have to put her aboard over their heads, but I think it would be nicer like this. It looks better."

I thought fast. "You're wrong, Mr. Zung," I said. "Look here. If we go in like that, the Foreign Affairs man will surely say no, because they don't realize how important you really are around here. The list has been closed; they've been saying no all day to everybody. So the gendarmes will surely have to act over their heads, and the Foreign Affairs men will lose face. Do you see? It would be much better to go straight to the gendarmes now and not to be turned down first by the civilian officials. It's easy enough, since the gendarmes will do anything for you, as you say." I moved off, leaving him standing there, looking thoughtful. "Good luck, Mr. Zung," I said. "Why don't you go along with her, by the way?"

"Oh," he said, "that's impossible. They'll never let me go; they need me too much. Besides, I'm West Indian. I couldn't get into the States. I'm British." It was an odd time to be bringing that up, I thought. But a lot of people were suddenly remembering their British passports.

I'll never know if Frankie really did try it out on the gendarmes. Probably he didn't dare. But if he did, he found out that they weren't omnipotent, after all. I wondered, while I was packing, how he felt now about the Japanese treatment of colored people. Of course, he really didn't have much to complain about; they had been more than decent to him.

"That's our weakness," I mused. "That's the big drawback to our winning this war. We'll win, but we'll still be up against the color bar and all the resentment it stirs up. The Japs had a chance: 'Asia for the Asiatics.' It sounds well. They missed the boat, but they've got a head start with people like Zung."

I saw Frankie once again before we sailed. He stopped me in the street to tell me that his baby had been born safely and he was feeling wonderful.

"Eight pounds he weighed!" Frankie crowed. "It's a boy, and he's the cutest thing you ever saw. Little hands and everything. . . . Oh yes, thanks, my wife's fine. Oh, he's a swell baby. And he looks exactly like *me*, exactly, only for one thing." His face glowed with pride and happiness. "His skin's absolutely white," said Frankie. "Yes, sir. He took after my wife that way. Lucky, isn't it? If you didn't know, you couldn't ever tell he wasn't white," said Frankie.

—EMILY HAHN

•

LADY IN BLACK

A pulsing scent that men cannot forget. For the Opera. For sorcery and sweet bondage. For those who love danger. For rubies, for music, for rain.—*From a perfume folder.*

Got anything for a girl who loves danger but hates rain?

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OF ALL THINGS

THE notorious collaborator Marcel Déat has been given the death sentence by the High Court of Justice in Paris. Unfortunately, he was unable to attend the trial in person because he is away travelling, presumably for his health.

•

Most observers agree that the United Nations Charter can be considered the hopeful beginning of a real world organization. Although the poor thing is only a living skeleton at the moment, proper care and feeding, they believe, will fatten it up.

•

Justice Jackson implies that the big Nazis will go on trial before the end of the summer. The small fry will just have to be patient until we can get around to them.

•

Congress has its own peculiar idea of hot-weather exercise. The representatives seem to have been spending most of their time lately violently kicking the O.P.A. around.

•

General Eisenhower declares firmly that he will not be a candidate for any office. This is apparently a five-star final.

•

The fifty nations assembled in San Francisco have decided to exclude Franco Spain from the Planetary Parliament. The Generalissimo now knows how it feels to have a Golden Gate slammed in his face.

•

Lieutenant General Doolittle will not be permitted to lead any more raids on Japan because he knows too much about our plans. He must sometimes long for the good old days of 1942, when he was young and ignorant.

•

The New York taxicabs are carrying almost twice as many passengers as they did in 1941, even though there aren't nearly as many cabs. It is possible that this increase is due to the current craze for antiques.

•

Senator Tobey of New Hampshire warned his colleagues the other day that there were five fat lobbyists out in the corridors working against the reciprocal-trade pacts. One thing about being a congressman, you meet so many interested people. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

LISTEN: JUNE 30, 1945

How do you write a hit song and make a million dollars?

Mark Warnow ought to know, for this Saturday at 9 p.m. EWT he and his orchestra are playing the 350th performance of *Your Hit Parade,* which as you well know consists of the top tunes of the week. With over 3000 jolly renderings of hit songs under his belt Mr. Warnow ought to know the formula, so we asked him for it pointblank. "There is positively no formula," he replied. "If there were, I would be writing them personally."

★

When a leading citizen leaps to the middle of the parlor and announces that he will now entertain, the Constitution says guests are entitled to leave by the transom. But when a spry radio station offers him on the air and the altar of variety for $10,000-up in war bonds, that's a switch, as well as public service all round. Columbia's affiliate, WMMN, did just that with the leading gentry of Fairmont, West Virginia. A tycoon who makes glass played a banjo solo. A transportation man told a bedtime story. A phone call came in demanding a specialty by a certain dignified community-leader who was having supper at home at the time—so a police car rushed him down to the microphone and he yowled "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze" like a good patriot and then went home and finished supper. WMMN smashed its war bond quota, and everybody had fun.

★

Greer Garson and her mother sat alone in their living room. They tuned in the CBS program *Suspense* (Thursdays, 8 p.m. EWT). They heard the story of an invalid woman who picked up the phone and through a cross-connection heard two men plotting her murder. When the story ended Miss Garson and her mother double-checked every window and door latch in the house.

The story is "Sorry, Wrong Number." It builds to such a pitch of excitement that listeners have asked to have it repeated on three different occasions. Most recently it was broadcast in condensed form on the Kate Smith Sunday night program. Agnes Moorehead, who played the chief character during each of the first three performances, said:

"I felt nervous about it in the first reading. I thought it much too hysterical to be liked by listeners. But it's wonderful radio...the best thing of its kind I've ever done. I'm exhausted each time the performance is over."

★

Two WAC officers walked into station WABC not long ago and said the Army desperately needed some pianos for American military hospitals in France and Germany and for transports carrying home wounded troops. So Phil Cook on his 8:15 a.m. program asked his listeners if they could spare a piano.

Army trucks so far have picked up 451 pianos. The Army had to refuse more than 100 offered by people living too far away. One woman wrote in and said she didn't own a piano but would buy one and give it to the Army. And that is what she did.

★

Peacetime, wartime, canyon country or flat country, wet or dry, yodeling has been yodeling on for a long time. It's 10 years now since KMOX, the CBS station in St. Louis, first put on the air a group of hillbilly singers, fiddlers and guitar pluckers. One of the group, Mr. Skeets Yaney by name, has won the national yodeling championship five times. The group as a whole has been National Hillbilly Champions for three years. If you are a practising or spectator yodeler you might hear the group on CBS at 2:30 Saturday afternoon, EWT. You never know when a good yodel will come in handy...

Incidentally, this *Barnyard Follies* group is one of seven KMOX programs that have been on the air a combined linear total of 65 years. No one of the programs has been on less than 5 years, none more than 16. Those cryptic figures indicate that KMOX has a keen idea of what its listeners like. They certainly show why its husky audience a-keeps on a-growing.

★

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SEX AND SPOOKS

LAST week brought up a rather interesting, though minor, controversy in the theatre world. The point at issue was which was worse—"Oh, Brother!," an epic vulgarity at the Royale, or "The Wind Is Ninety," a glum study in ectoplasm at the Booth. No satisfactory conclusions were reached, it being generally felt that while the former was clearly the most offensive little piece in quite a while, the latter was incontestably as dull as Pittsburgh. We will proceed to the evidence.

"Oh, Brother!," by Jacques Deval, a Gallic wag now operating in Hollywood, opened with approximately twenty-five minutes of exposition, during which the audience rustled plaintively. It seemed that three crooks were plotting to pass off one of their number as the long-lost son of a house they happened to be robbing. This plan was duly put into execution and was apparently working out all right until it developed that the missing heir had a beautiful sister, with whom, of course, the impostor fell instantly in love. This situation was pure catnip for a man of Deval's Parisian temperament, and, after a few preliminary skirmishes, he ingeniously slipped his heroine into a skin-tight bathing suit and hastened her off to the hero's troubled couch, where she tied herself in innocent, sisterly knots so that he might observe precisely where she once caught a charge of BB shot when her back was turned. The young man was loaded with chloral hydrate at the time, for it had been her nightly custom to enter his bedroom and keep him awake by sitting on his feet, but nevertheless he was agreeably stirred and started to chase her upstairs. Mr. Deval got himself out of this indelicacy as tastelessly as possible, and also, I imagine, disposed of a couple of other little problems that were still kicking around the stage at the end of the second act, but I didn't wait to see, on the ground that enough is enough. The featured performer in this contraption was Hugh Herbert, long celebrated on the screen for clapping his hands and crying, "Woo woo!," and I can honestly say that he strikes me as somewhat less painful than a rather similar artist called Lew Lehr. Arleen Whelan, a pretty, spirited girl, was invaluable in distracting attention both from the plot and the star.

THERE being a general tendency to confuse any criticism of a play about soldiers with a denunciation of the entire war effort, I hesitate to say that "The Wind Is Ninety" struck me as an interminable piece of metaphysical junk. The play opened with a group of rather untalented children playing with toy machine guns on an arsenic-green lawn, shaded by cardboard trees; the tumult died and we were introduced to the members of the Ritchie family, who were reading a letter from their aviator son, husband, and parent, a writer clearly master of every cliché in the language. This also ended, and the hero's ghost (he had been shot down the previous day) came on the stage accompanied by a man playing a harmonica, who was presently revealed as the Unknown Soldier of the first World War, now employed as an attendant to the newly dead until they get the hang of things in the beyond.

The conversation between these two, which went on intermittently throughout the play, was supernaturally hard to follow. As I got it, the more recent apparition wished to be on hand personally to comfort his relatives when they got the telegram announcing his death. According to his fellow-haunt, however, direct communication is against the rules; the most that can be hoped for is vague intimations of immortality, from him to them. These were furnished, from author to audience, once by the sight of a young woman waltzing around the stage in the arms of a partner theoretically invisible to her, once by an old man watching the ghostly motion of a swing (he couldn't, of course, see that his dead son was sitting in it), but usually just by an actor staring bug-eyed into space to indicate that he was only subconsciously aware that another actor was jumping up and down in front of him and yelling in his ear.

In addition to participating in these miracles, the hero was permitted to see himself impersonated by no less than four actors widely diverse in size, shape, and accent, who represented the various memories of him cherished by the survivors. In the end, he "found the key" (I have no intention of trying to explain this part) and was able to plant his message of hope, as warm and comforting and clear as soup, in all their hearts. The cast employed to demonstrate that death is by no means irrevocable included Blanche Yurka, Bert Lytell, Wendell Corey, and Frances Reid. The number of times they were obliged to say, "That's strange. I almost feel as if he were here now," if laid end to end, would reach from the Booth Theatre to Hollywood Boulevard, and probably will.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

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H/S Company
51st Engineer Combat Battalion
APO——, Care Postmaster, N. Y.
8 June 1945

The New Yorker,
Gentlemen:

In your 7 April 1945 overseas edition, you write about treadway bridges and credit the 237th Engineer Combat Battalion with having built the first bridge, a treadway, across the Rhine.

The first structures of any type to be thrown across the Rhine were a 1,032-foot treadway built by the 291st Engineer Combat Battalion and a 960-foot heavy ponton bridge built by the 51st Engineer Combat Battalion. Both structures were completed and opened to traffic on 11 March 1945. The treadway, which took forty-two hours to construct, was situated about five hundred yards north of the famous Remagen bridge; the heavy ponton, requiring thirty-one hours of construction time, was built between Kripp on the near shore and Linz on the far shore of the Rhine and was located about six miles south of Remagen. On the same day that these two bridges were opened, the Remagen bridge was closed down for repairs, after having been used for three or four days. This bridge was never in use after 11 March. Less than a week later, it collapsed completely while undergoing these repairs and came damn near taking the 291st's treadway down the river with it.

For more than a week these two bridges carried all the Rhine River bridgehead traffic. The 51st's heavy ponton took care of eastbound traffic into enemy territory; the 291st's treadway handled traffic coming back across the river. They were the only bridges the Americans had across the Rhine for that period. About ten days after these two bridges opened up, the 237th used the heavy ponton built by the 51st to get across the river to work on its treadway, then under construction. This is the bridge you wrote about.

It is believed that the 51st's bridge was the longest heavy ponton ever built in this or in any other war. On the record, it is the first time that the United States Navy coöperated with the Army in a major bridge-building operation hundreds of miles inland. At the request of the 51st's commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Harvey R. Fraser of Elizabeth, Illinois, Navy landing craft, vehicles, and personnel were transported

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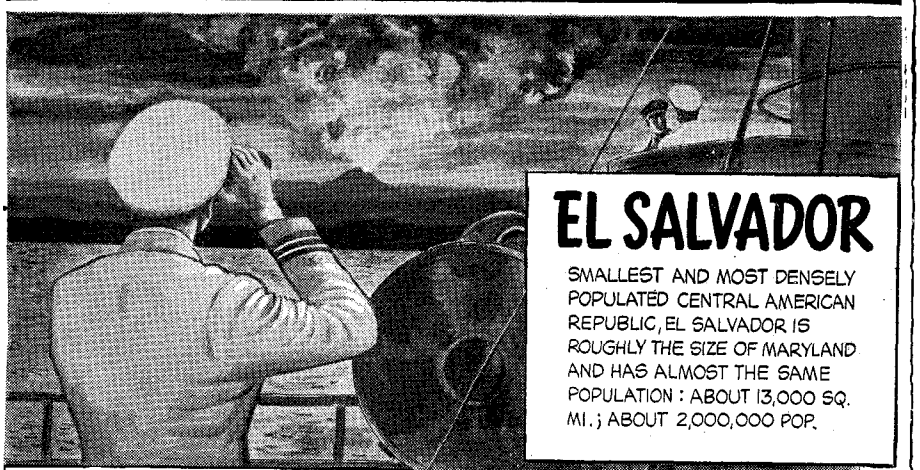

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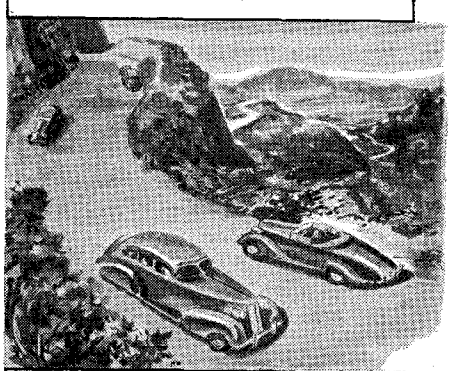

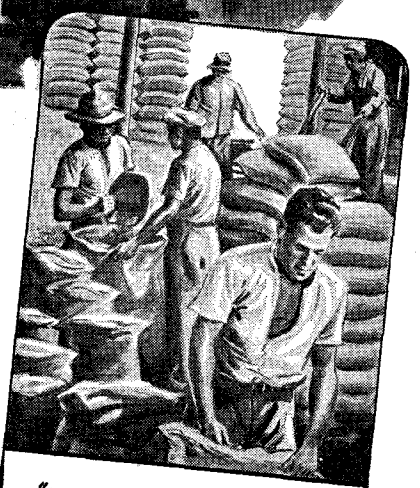

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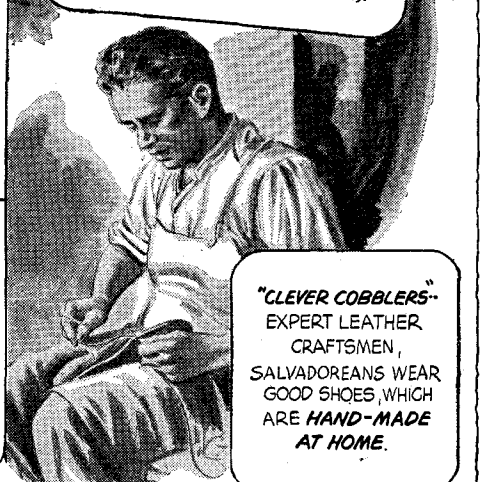

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overland on trailers and were lifted right from the trailers into the river with their crews aboard. These boats immediately went to work pushing the heavy pontons into place and holding them there, against a ten-mile-per-hour current, until they could be anchored.

Little need be said here about the importance of these two bridges to both the Americans and the Germans. They were the life lines to our troops fighting like hell to hold their bridgehead against an enemy who knew the jig was up if we did hold. You can understand, then, what I mean when I say that both bridges were built under particularly "hot" conditions. Anything the Krauts didn't throw at us they just didn't have to throw, and anyone who says the Krauts lacked planes at that time is talking through his hat. On the other hand, the American anti-aircraft firepower concentrated around the two bridges was terrific. It seemed that every piece of equipment capable of hurling a piece of metal at a plane was jammed into these two areas by the First Army. And, to give the devil his due, those Krauts who dived their planes at the bridges, through that American-made hell, were courageous fliers. They knew before they started down that it would probably be their last dive. When those guns opened up, one could hear every man, woman, and child in the United States grit his teeth and say, "That bridge is going to stay there. There's no power on the face of the earth, save God Almighty Himself, that can knock it out."

All three Engineer combat battalions I have mentioned are Presidential unit-citation outfits. The 237th, as you say, for D-Day work; the 51st and the 291st for work done against von Rundstedt's armies in the first week of the Bulge fighting last December. The 51st are the combat engineers who, alone, held the forty-mile front from Trois-Ponts to Marche in Belgium for four days and five nights of wild battling and stopped the charge to the north that the Germans thought would roll back to the sea the northern half of the Western Front. But that's another story. The whole point behind this letter is to tell you that it hurts a little bit to have some other guy get credit for something you did, especially when you have written home about it.

Yours truly,
PVT. PATRICK J. MARTIN

•

IT'S ABOUT TIME DEPARTMENT
[*Headline in the Times*]
LANE BRYANT, INC., EXPANDS

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A REPORTER WITH THE B-29s

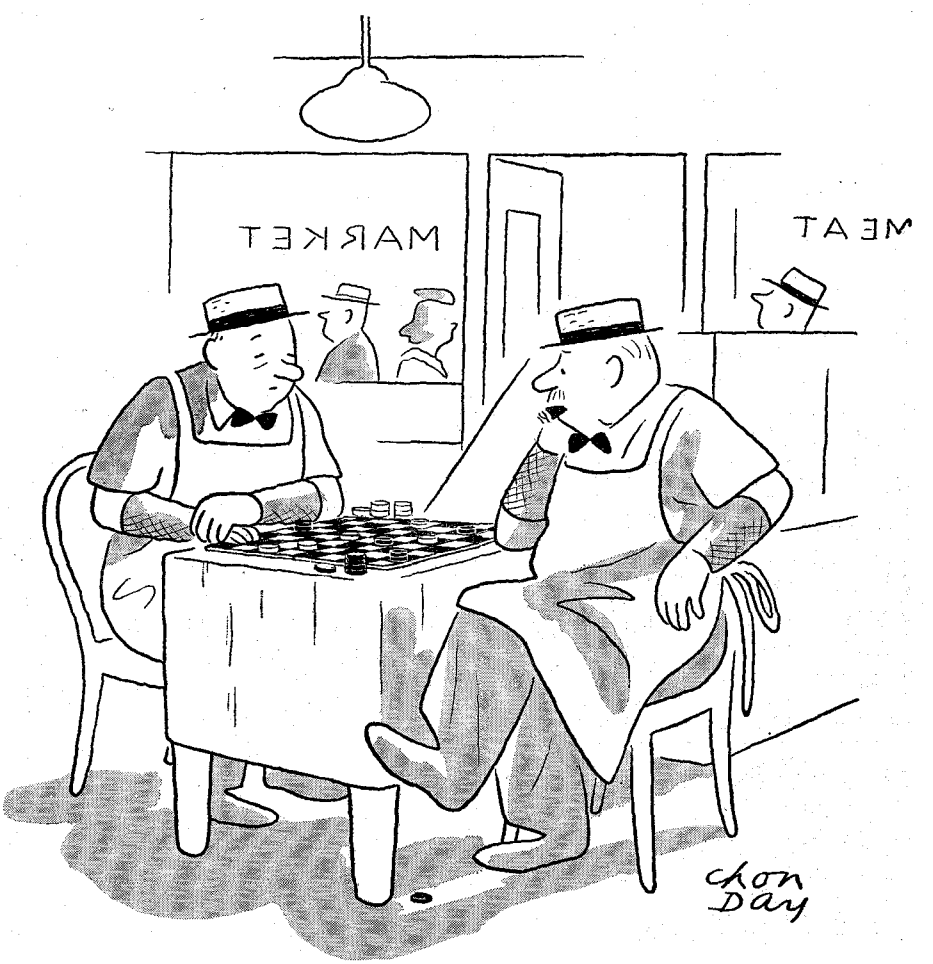
IV—THE PEOPLE

IN the Army Air Forces, and especially in the Air Forces overseas, the officers and men of an outfit are often called, simply, "the people." Official papers frequently use the phrase in place of "all personnel" or "officers and men," and air commanders are likely to say, "I've got two thousand people to worry about" or "What I want more than anything else is some decent rations for my people." The term minimizes the disparity between officer and enlisted personnel and encourages the impression that an outfit fighting a war is an entity, almost a personality, made up not of ranks and grades and ratings but of human beings doing different jobs with a common end in view.

When, toward the middle of March this year, the first series of great, low-level, night incendiary strikes against Tokio, Nagoya, Osaka, and Kobe were being carried out by the B-29s based in the Marianas, the Twenty-first Bomber Command of the Twentieth Air Force, and all its people on the islands of Guam and Tinian and Saipan, were like a good golfer at the top of his form or Babe Ruth all set for a long one. The B-29 crews and the people on the ground, the whole bunch that composed the Twenty-first Bomber Command, had achieved their highest point of efficiency. There had been the early days, when the first B-29s were arriving on Saipan; the first pioneering strikes against Japanese aircraft factories by daylight from twenty-five and thirty thousand feet. There had been the organizing of the new wings on Tinian and Guam, a rapid gathering of strength and a striving for perfection. And in January of this year, there had been the change in command which replaced Brigadier General Haywood S. (Possum) Hansell, Jr., the brilliant planner, with Major General Curtis E. LeMay, the tough, shy, soft-voiced big-time operator whom everyone called the Cigar. "Now we're in business," the B-29 people said to one another after the first of the low-level incendiary strikes, which burned out about seventeen square miles of one of Tokio's most congested industrial areas. The people of the Twenty-first Bomber Command had reached a state in which there were certain ingredients that I find indefinable but in which I do know there was a certain kind of fatigue brought on by sleeplessness, undereating, and hard, uninterrupted concentration on the performance of a task. There was a calmness, almost a lassitude, which was not laxness or laziness. There was also a tenseness, a quickening of tempo, that was neither youthful nor nervous nor feverish. The mind, the body, the spirit, the whole being seemed free and ready for anything and confident of success. It was not elation so much as it was a knowledgeable acceptance of maturity.

Whatever their jobs were, officers and men did not want, and seemed unable, to sleep more than three or four hours at a time. They ate irregularly, sparingly, and hurriedly. They worked almost incessantly and, when they felt like it, played or relaxed completely, knowing they had it coming to them. Even airplane commanders and their crews, back from a fifteen-hour mission to Japan, usually hit the sack for not more than five or six hours and were up and around again, attending classes, studying tactics, bombardment, navigation, and ordnance, and forming little groups in Quonset huts, talking flying, talking fighting, using their hands as airplanes, the way fliers do, flying the latest mission over again, perfecting it, and flying the next mission once or twice in advance, before the takeoff. Good men were better. Men who had seemed mediocre became good.

At the headquarters of our Twenty-first Bomber Command, on Guam, and in the B-29 wings and groups and squadrons on all three islands, staff people who had felt uncertain about how to do their jobs and had been inclined to stick to the book, to take the safest course, became confident, aggressive, eager to think of short cuts, eager to show that they could take them. Assistant adjutants and their clerks, in military sections devoted to red tape, suddenly broke through the system they had themselves created, got out complex orders and directives by new, swift methods, and performed a thousand other worrisome and necessary drudgeries with an undreamed-of simplicity and speed. Messengers walked faster and took an interest in seeing that the right message got to the right man at the right time. Jeep drivers took care of their jeeps and never ran out of gas. A supply officer at headquarters, after all sorts of wangling both in and out of channels before he left the States, received an icebox for his tent and never got around to opening the crate and installing the precious mechanism until it had sat in a corner of his tent for five weeks. This



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unused icebox just sat there, like an unopened Christmas present in a child's room. As a symbol of tantalizing self-denial, it got on everybody's nerves. Finally, the supply officer's boss took him aside during one of the inspired moments of those delicious, smooth-running days and nights and said to him, "Listen, son, you go fix up your goddam icebox in your tent right now, and don't come back here until your beer and your friends' beer is cooling in it, see?"

Everybody seemed to realize that everybody else was working his head off. Requests were made, commands were given, in quiet voices. Everybody seemed almost miraculously full of tolerance and understanding.

There was a major who had worked all night in his Quonset office and was about to grab two hours' sleep on his office cot before going on with his work. Around 6 A.M., he telephoned a staff sergeant, a clerk who he knew was on duty in the main administration building of headquarters. The major had to have an envelope that contained certain secret matter. The sealed envelope, with his name on it, was in the headquarters safe. He had to have it, he told me later, in case the information in it was required of him at a conference he was to attend after the nap he was about to take, and he had decided it would be better if he had the envelope in his breast pocket when he took this nap. He wanted to get it into his pocket and off his mind. He called the staff sergeant whose duty it was to look after the safe, to put things in it and take things out for all the officers who used it. The major explained about the envelope and asked the sergeant to get it and bring it over to the Quonset office right away. The staff sergeant, who had been working all night too, asked if he could wait and have the clerk who was to relieve him in about fifteen minutes deliver the envelope. The major said no, that he really wanted the envelope right away, that he hated to ask the sergeant to do it, but would the sergeant please just bring the envelope over to him right away? The sergeant started to say something further and the major, a bit tense but still good-tempered, told the sergeant he didn't want to talk about it any more, told the sergeant just to do what he had asked him to do, and then hung up while the sergeant was still talking. Five minutes later the sergeant brought the envelope to the Quonset, saluted, and laid it on the major's desk. Then the sergeant stood back, saluted again, and asked, "May I say something, sir?"

The major sleepily replied, "Sure, Sergeant, what is it?," and leaned back in his chair and looked at the sergeant.

"Sir," said the sergeant, "I just want to say that I consider your having hung up on me just now a very rude and unpardonable thing for an officer to do. I work hard and I do my job and I have never been subjected to such treatment before by anybody and I have been in the Army for three and a half years."

"My God, Sergeant," the major told me he managed to say, "I'm sorry as hell you're taking what I did that way. I know you're a damn good man, you know I do, and you've helped me out several times before—done work for me you didn't have to do. I apologize, Sergeant, for hanging up on you, and I don't want you to think for a moment—even though what I did was wrong—that I meant any lack of respect for you when I did that."

"I consider your having hung up on me, sir, the same kind of mistaken thing General Patton did when he slapped that soldier."

The major says he sat there looking at the sergeant and that tears were suddenly in all four eyes in the Quonset office.

"There he stood," the major said, "a middle-aged fellow, a good guy and a good man all through and up and down, and I'm telling you he taught me a lesson and did something to me as he stood there that I'll never forget and that I hope I'll never get over. I didn't know what it was he represented at the time. All I know is it made me want to shake hands with him and then maybe cut my throat. I've figured out since that he was the dignity of man personified, if you see what I mean. He stood there and I looked at him and I apologized again. And then *he* began to feel bad because he could see that he had somehow hit me below the belt, so there we were, with tears in our eyes, and he wanting now to apologize to *me*. I'm still a little hazy about how the hell we ever got the thing straightened out. I think he started to apologize to me while I was apologizing to him for the third time and we both laughed and he saluted again and I told him never to lose whatever it was that had made him tell me what he had and he said something about how he hoped I would just forget the whole matter and finally we saluted each other a couple more times and he left and I lay down on my office cot and cried for a second and laughed for some time and then went right to sleep,

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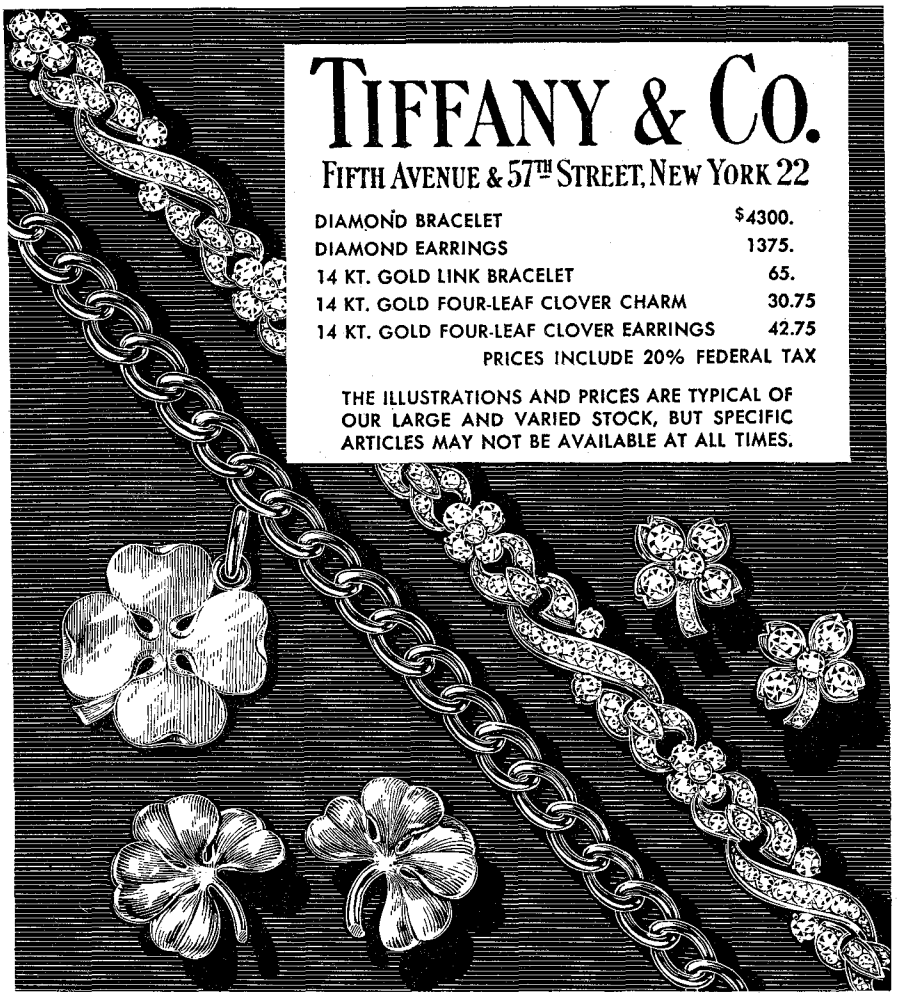
feeling wonderful. It's the damnedest experience I ever had, and I thought I had had some in this war."

Ground crews, who had the stupendous task of getting the B-29s ready to fly on all-out strikes in less than half the time they had always had before, leaped on the big airplanes like hounds on a stag the second the returning pilots switched off the engines after the long trip to Japan and back. I saw a mechanic one day get his stepladder all set against one of the engine nacelles of a B-29, waiting for the pilot to switch off the engines so he could start getting at the insides to tune them up for the next trip. The pilot finally switched off the engines and the propellers coasted round and round, slower and slower. This mechanic couldn't seem to wait. He put out a determined gloved hand and eased the enormous blade of his engine to a stop; then he went to work with his wrenches. Mechanics worked through the nights and days, for twenty-four and sometimes thirty-six hours at a stretch, without a rest and with only some gulped coffee and Spam sandwiches for nourishment, until the airplanes took off again. Major General LeMay, commanding the Twenty-first Bomber Command and working at the same high pitch as his men, issued a significant order after two of the incendiary missions had been run. He directed all airplane commanders to examine personally the exteriors of their airplanes two minutes before takeoff time and make sure that no mechanics were still clinging to the undercarriage, working on something. "I don't want to see any B-29s take off with ground crewmen hanging onto their bellies," the Cigar said grimly, after watching, with a kind of amazed delight, the last-minute preparations before a takeoff at our operational base on Guam.

THERE is one factor in the operations of the B-29s which perhaps more than any other has given the Twenty-first Bomber Command a character, an individuality. This is simply that until recently the B-29s were the only means of getting at the Japanese enemy on his own home grounds. Until Navy carrier-based fighter aircraft made their first sweeps in the Tokio area in conjunction with the invasion of Iwo Jima, the B-29s had been the only means of striking at the main Japanese island of Honshu. I am told that the R.A.F. and A.A.F. people in England felt almost the same sort of stimulation when they first began bombing Germany, but pilots who have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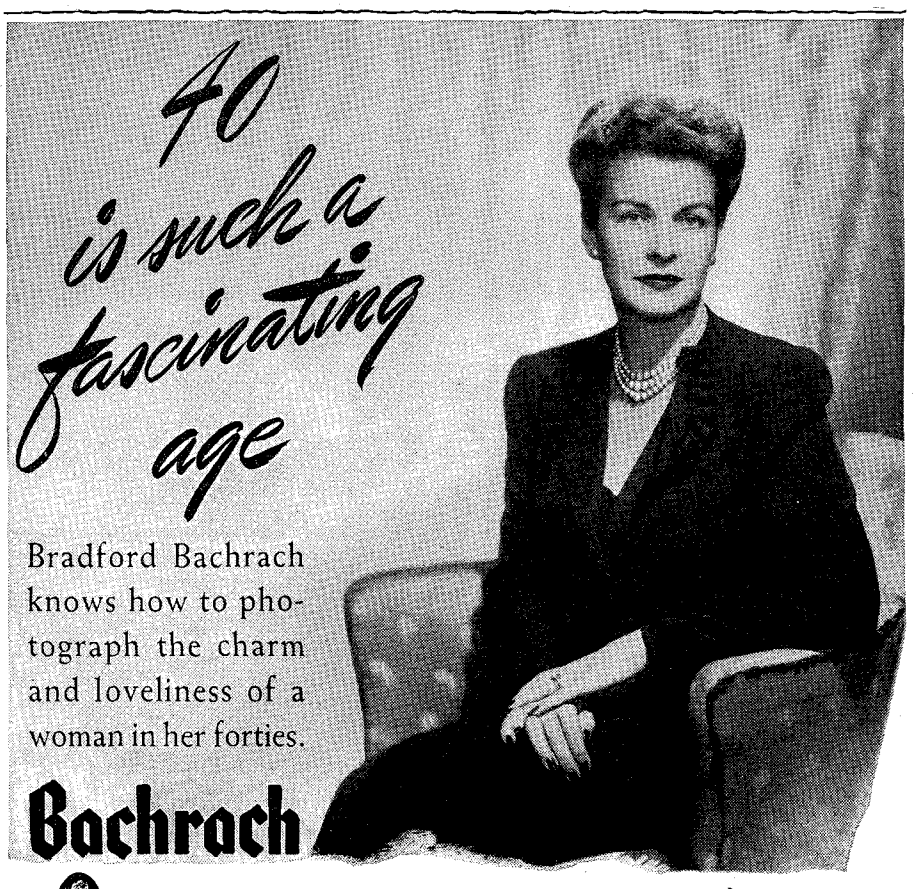
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served both in England and in the Marianas say they never had in England the feeling of having accomplished something very nearly miraculous which, in the Marianas, they had from the start, because of the vast distances of the missions to Japan and because of the knowledge that the great Japanese cities had been sitting there all that time, invulnerable and undamaged, until we began to get at them with the B-29s. To the people of the Twenty-first Bomber Command, everything else going on in the Pacific, magnificent as it might be, was simply something else again. Yet there seemed to be no arrogance, no swagger, in the attitude of the B-29 people. They had no need of reassurance of any sort. They possessed the only weapon that could be used on the great cities of Japan and they were using it with palpable effect.

The B-29 people had come to the Marianas in such a hurry, had built their establishments in such a rush and so skimpily, conserving both manpower and materials for purely operational matters, that they had no officers' clubs of any sort for months. B-29 enlisted men had their dayrooms and their beer long before officers had their clubs. Pilots and bombardiers used to appear at dusk in front of the clubs of Navy and Marine officers, after a long jeep ride from their quarters, and stand around waiting for a member to ask them in. Shy but thirsty, they would apologize for cadging drinks and explain that their own clubs would soon be operating, after things quieted down a little. In the Marianas, the drink problem was one not of economics but of supply. Money was plentiful, but even in the best Navy clubs drinks were scarce. Once you got inside, under the patronage of a Marine or Navy officer, you were on your own, like a minor who has solicited a stranger outside a movie and has been chaperoned from the ticket window past the ticket taker at the door. Inside, you stood in line at the bar and bought what you could. There was never any ill feeling either way and many friendships were made as a result of the Bomber Command's lack of alcohol. B-29 officers, having drunk with Navy and Marine officers until the bars closed (which was at 7 P.M.), would take their new friends home with them to a B-29 base for supper and a close look at some B-29s, a look everybody seemed to want to have. Even after the enlisted men had their dayrooms, they would go visiting, too, around sundown, in crowded jeeps and weapons carriers, and later in the evening you would see little groups of B-29 men showing appreciative Marines and sailors and Seabees the B-29s on our airfields. What began thus informally became in time an official method of building up good will between the services, and there were submarine and destroyer rides on Sundays for B-29 men and excursions by the truckload from Marine and Navy stations to the B-29 bases. Such recreational activities went along more or less uninterrupted, even in the busiest times, and they were encouraged by LeMay and by the wing commanders.

When the carrier-based Navy aircraft made their first sweep over the Tokio area, the B-29 people read and listened to the news with honest interest and said it was wonderful. I remember asking a B-29 gunner on Tinian how he felt about the sweeps of fighters and light bombers from the carriers. He said, "Hell, it's swell to think of having some fighters up there you don't have to shoot at. But those Navy guys ought to watch themselves, flying around in those little airplanes, all the way up there."

The B-29 people seemed to feel the same way about the Army fighters that were based on Iwo Jima after it had been taken. One day three formations of LeMay's B-29s took off from the bases on Guam, Saipan, and Tinian to bomb three spots on Honshu by daylight at approximately the same time. The fighters on Iwo were to escort one formation and the other two formations were to go in without escorts, the way the B-29s had been going in since the first strike against Tokio, in November, 1944. One fighter pilot got separated from his fellow fighter pilots on the way and flew on alone, through a thick overcast, coming into the clear, close to the Japanese coast, to find himself the only fighter anywhere around. Plowing along under him in a purposeful manner, however, was a formation of B-29s—the formation he and the other fighters were supposed to be escorting, he thought. He figured that the other fighters had lost their way, so he grimly maneuvered his little single-seater airplane far above and forward of the fifty-odd B-29s going in to their target. He was obviously determined to take on whatever came along in the way of enemy fighters and thereby save the bombers for the job ahead. The formation the fighter was escorting was one of the two scheduled to go in without fighter escort. Its leader, an elderly squadron commander of

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twenty-nine, saw the fighter, which was piloted by a youngster of twenty-two, and guessed what had happened. He talked to the fighter pilot on the radiophone while the other B-29 crews in the formation listened in. "All set up there?" the squadron commander asked. "Roger," replied the fighter pilot, dipping his wings in the loneliness of the sky and eying the space on either side of him and in front of him for the enemy fighters he expected to take on any moment. The B-29s and the one fighter rode along in sight of each other for a while, the crews of the big bombers watching the fighter who was going to take on the Jap air force single-handed, and grinning, not knowing what the squadron commander would do about it when the time came but figuring he would do the right thing, whatever that might be. It wasn't long before fifteen Jap fighters appeared, far to the right and very high, and began maneuvering to close in on our airplanes. The squadron commander watched them for a few seconds, then spoke to the fighter pilot again. "Hey, Bud," he said. "Enemy fighters up there. You all set?"

"Roger," said the fighter pilot again, and moved his plane a little to the right and a little forward, as if to show that he not only was all set but was going after the enemy fighters as soon as he figured the time and the distance were right.

"Well, look, Bud," said the squadron commander. "You come on down here and get under my wing. The right wing. You can watch from there, and if two or three of them get off by themselves later on, you can go after them. But I don't want you to go mess them *all* up at the same time. Not right now. You just come on down here and get under my wing."

The fighter didn't reply for a couple of seconds. Then he asked, "Is that an order, sir?"

"An order, Bud, and get going," the commander said.

So, as the Japs began closing in, the fighter pilot made a graceful turn and dip and climb and nestled under the wing of the squadron commander's B-29. He got one enemy fighter later on, after the Japs had tried to close in and the B-29s had broken up their attack and shot some of them down.

The next day the Jap radio told its listeners that the desperate Americans, in a frenzy over the opposition they were meeting from fighters over Japan, had introduced a new trick. They were suspending a small fighter by wires un-

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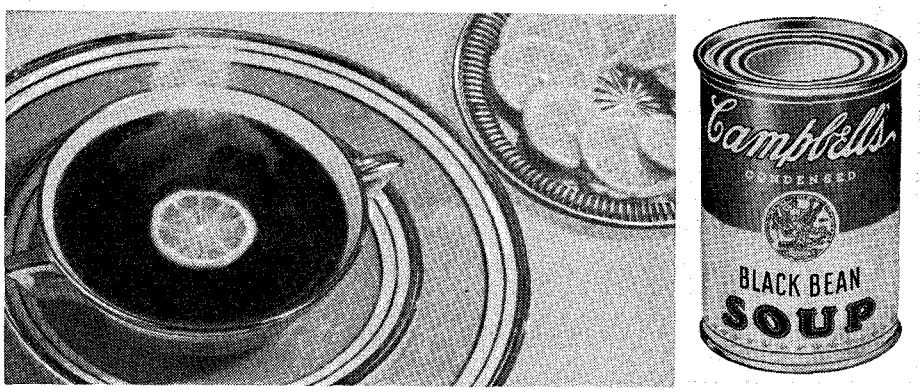

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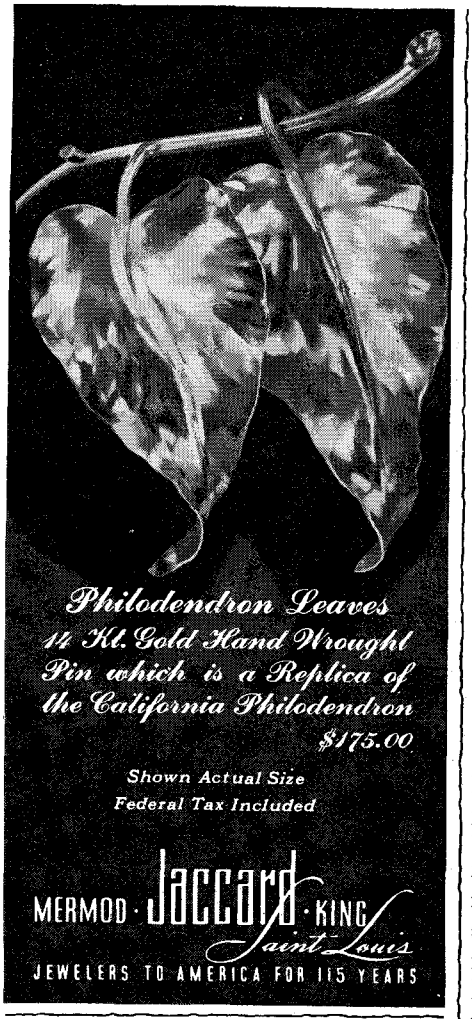

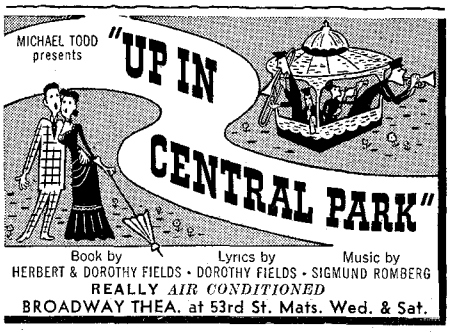

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der the wing of a B-29 and releasing it during an air battle in an attempt to confuse the gallant Jap airmen. "Will you have a fighter tied to your wing, sir, or will you just go up there plain this morning?" the ground crewmen of the B-29s in the Marianas have been asking the airplane commanders lately.

I WONDERED, while the tough and bloody Iwo campaign was going on, whether the survivors of the Marine divisions that took the island would resent the B-29s, knowing as they did that the lives of their comrades had been sacrificed mostly to give the B-29s fighter support on their missions and to give the B-29s an emergency landing field on their return flights from Japan. When the first B-29 landed at Iwo Jima, while the campaign for the island was still going on—a battle-damaged B-29 that otherwise would have had to ditch in the ocean and would probably have been lost with all its crew—the Marines there cheered and waved their guns in the air. That fighting Marines would cheer an Army airplane seemed unbelievable, and still does, to all except those who saw it. Later some B-29s that landed at Iwo were renamed on the spot by their crews—renamed for Marine units on Iwo whose members had made friends with the B-29 crews during the stopover. This is impressive to anyone who knows that the names of B-29s are a very personal creation of the crews who fly them. General Hansell, who initiated the B-29 program in the Marianas and was the first commander of the Twenty-first Bomber Command, once told me that on his way out from California in the first B-29 to land on Saipan, the co-pilot asked him to suggest a name for the airplane. The co-pilot, a new member of the crew, didn't know that the rest of the crew had been working on a name for weeks past or that, after some arguments, coin tossings, several wrestling matches, and one brief fist fight, the crew had finally agreed on the name Joltin' Josie. Possum didn't know this either, so, after thinking the matter over in his usual thorough manner, he told the crew that he thought the Pacific Pioneer would be a good name, since it would actually be the first B-29 in the Marianas. He noted a certain embarrassment and lack of enthusiasm on the faces of the crew members. He finally ferreted the facts out of the engineer, who confessed that Joltin' Josie had been the coalition selection and indicated that while the crew members certainly wanted to do anything they could to please the General, they felt kind of strongly about the name Joltin' Josie. The General thereupon withdrew his suggestion. The crew members thought the matter over some more in the long hours of flight to Saipan. Early one morning, a week or so after the General had landed the airplane on Saipan, he found the engineer standing on a stepladder, painting something on the nose. It was the name of the airplane: Joltin' Josie, the Pacific Pioneer.

Some Marine officers I talked to on Guam after the Iwo campaign told me that the formations of B-29s flying over Iwo on their way to Japan were a very tangible booster of Marine morale during some of the worst days of the fighting. "Everybody feels all right about the B-29s," one officer said. "We used to look up and see them, and I remember one day a corporal stood up, with half his body making a target for the Japs, and yelled, 'Look at those beautiful goddam things up there!' That's about how all of us felt when we thought about it. We would look at the B-29s and feel better and go on fighting. The thing is, we knew the B-29s were really getting at the Japs and, as the corporal said, there was something so damn beautiful about them flying up there over Iwo, and on from there for another thousand miles to do their stuff."

The B-29 ground and air crews have a respect for their airplanes that I have never observed around other airplanes. B-24s and B-17s seem to excite an affection, a good-humored familiarity, in fliers and mechanics. I have seen these people kick B-24s and B-17s on the tail, or under the belly, and say, "Well, you were all right today, you old bitch." Fighter pilots often stroke the nose of a P-51 or P-47, or pat it affectionately on the side, when they get back to their base. The B-29 seems to arouse almost a reverent feeling among its people. Ground crews of B-17s and B-24s like to ignore, and leave unrepaired, minor bits of battle damage that give the airplane a scarred, tough look but do not interfere with flying efficiency. The old-fashioned khaki camouflage paint perhaps encourages them to think of the Fortresses and Liberators as good but ugly. The B-29 crews want their airplanes to look new and shiny all the time. The B-29s are silvery, without camouflage paint of any kind, and the crews laboriously smooth out tiny wrinkles on the ex-

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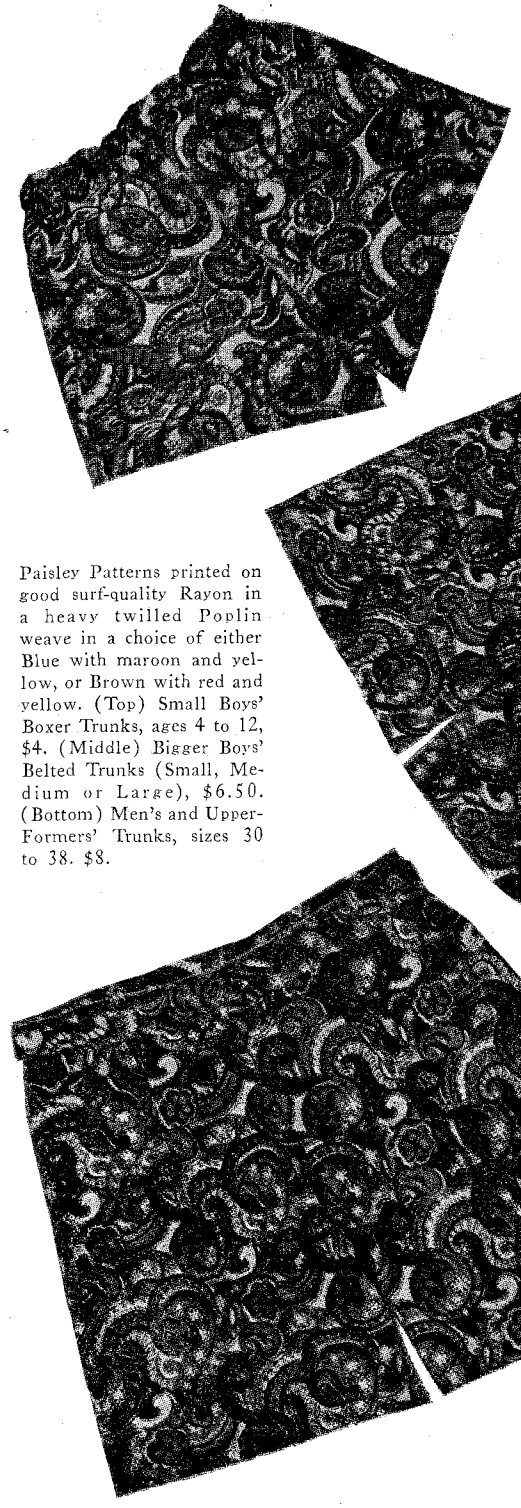
teriors and polish the silver skins far beyond necessity. Any night in the Marianas, you can find B-29 crew members fooling around a perfectly airworthy B-29, fussing with it as an older generation used to fuss with the new car out in the garage after dinner.

Army fliers and mechanics for years now have refused to call any airplane a "plane" or a "ship" or an "aircraft." They always say "airplane." The B-29 people have developed a sensitivity that will not allow them to refer to a B-29 even as an airplane. They call it a B-29, usually saying "B-two-nine" or even "Baker-two-nine" (Baker is code), as if to make sure that nobody, under any circumstances, will think they are talking about any other kind of airplane.

THE other day, as I was finishing my twenty-one-day leave after getting back to the United States from Guam, I went to a preview of a short Army Air Forces movie called "Target Tokio," which was taken in the early days of the B-29s in the Marianas. Our old commander, General Hansell, was at the preview, having been invited by the Office of War Information, which is sponsoring the picture, to tell the movie reviewers something about the pioneer days on Saipan and to answer questions about the current operations. I had not seen Possum since he completed his tour in the Marianas and started back to the States, waving goodbye to his staff from the pilot's window of the B-24 he was flying home. He looked ten years younger, or barely thirty. He told me he had been having a wonderful time with the B-29 training wing he now commands out West, doing a lot of flying and working on some theories he had cooked up in the Marianas. He had asked for a B-29 training wing when LeMay took over the command in the Marianas, and General Arnold had directed that he be given one, so that he could get some rest and health and be ready for something bigger and better after six months or so.

"LeMay is certainly going great guns out there," Possum said to me, looking very pleased. As I watched the picture, I thought of a phrase Possum had used in an informal statement made to the press in the Marianas back in December, 1944, about what the B-29s were going to do to Japan. He had always steered clear of any suggestion of boasting about his B-29s and had always been very conservative in his appraisals of the damage they were doing. That



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time he had hesitated, with his eyes characteristically focussed inward, as he tried to think of a phrase that would describe what he thought the B-29s would do and that wouldn't sound like bombast. "I think," he had said finally, "we shall make Japan bleed internally." For a prediction, this seems to have been fair enough, all things considered.

I found myself very much affected by one scene in the picture, the landing of the first B-29 to reach Saipan. What got me, I think, was the movement and noise of the vast mob of people who had been waiting for the airplane for some hours and who, as it landed, moved toward it across the base with the happy, fluttering movement of a crowd going into a baseball park or a race track on a summer afternoon at home. They had been waiting for this moment, actually, for days and weeks and even months. Some of them were members of the first service group to arrive on Saipan, back in August, 1944, the men under Colonel Lyman L. Phillips, who were assigned a few acres of sugar-cane fields by the island commander and who, through the hot rainy season, got servicing and maintenance installations ready for the coming of the B-29s—fighting flies and mosquitoes, fighting dengue fever, and even fighting Japs more than once to help the garrison forces in some of the last campaigns to clear the enemy out of the hills and coral caves not far from the B-29 base that was then being started.

I remembered a day in September when Colonel Phillips had showed me around the service-group establishment he and his people were building on one of the bluffs overlooking the sea, near the airstrip. Phillips must be in his early fifties; he is a reserve officer who left his rich farm in California and went back into the Army after Pearl Harbor to see what he could do. I doubt that he has ever been more contented, even though he is essentially a happy man, than he was in those first weeks on Saipan, when he and his people, and other service groups landing soon after, were the only B-29 people there. They were the real pioneers. They ransacked the ruined Jap sugar mill near Charan-Kanoa for pieces of machinery they needed, pieces of steel to reshape and hammer into all sorts of gadgets; they filched a huge iron cogwheel from the mill and made it into a roller to roll the coral gravel firm for the floors of their dispensaries and mess halls; they found a bullet-riddled Jap water tank, patched it, and set it up as their own water tank until the proper equipment arrived from the States. Phillips was the sort of commander who, like all good commanders, has a way with people—who, for example, said to his staff one evening in his tent, as he cooled some beer for them in a make-shift refrigerator, "You know, we ought to have a flagpole for this outfit," well aware that the next day some of his people would find somewhere, as they did, a flagpole (it was an old Jap one, which they repainted) and have the American flag flying from it at sundown when the bugler blew retreat.

There, too, in the movie, around the landing strip as the first B-29 came in, were the ground people of Brigadier General Emmett (Rosy) O'Donnell's wing on Saipan, the first wing in the Marianas, who had also cleared the sugar-cane fields, fought the heat and the rain, the flies and mosquitoes, the dengue fever and the hold-out Japs, and built—officers and men alike—the wing headquarters and the group and squadron establishments, preparing everything for the air crews who would fly the B-29s out from the training stations at home. There was Colonel Byron E. Brugge, who was deputy commander for O'Donnell and who had the sorry job of going out with the ground people and overseeing all the construction work, although he was a flier himself, itching for his first chance to fly a mission to Japan. (He flew his first mission a few weeks later and his B-29 was shot down over Tokio and was seen to explode just before it hit the ground.) There was the whole bunch on the landing strip that day, the whole bunch of B-29 people of those early days on Saipan. The sound track for the movie was good and accurate—the noises made by a joyful bunch of men—but it didn't pick up one voice in that crowd which I still remember, the voice of a grease-monkey staff sergeant who shouted over and over, above the racket, as the B-29 people moved across the coral rubble toward the new landing strip and the idling B-29, "Look at 'er, look at 'er, *look at 'er!*"

FROM the series of all-out incendiary strikes in March, 1945—the same kind of strikes that have been going on in recent weeks in even greater force from the bases in the Marianas—there emerged one hero who may be said to stand out above all the other B-29 people, some of whom were decorated and some not. He was Staff Sergeant Henry Eugene Erwin, of Bessemer, Alabama, who received for his particular act the Congressional Medal

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of Honor. Erwin came from the coal-and-iron country that has made Birmingham, Alabama, and its suburbs, such as Bessemer, one of the industrial centers of the South. He is a strong, stocky, red-headed young man, twenty-four years old, who worked in the steel mills until shortly after Pearl Harbor. He enlisted in the Air Forces, wanted to be a pilot and went into training to become one, was reclassified, and went to Guam in the winter of 1945 as radio operator in a B-29 crew.

Erwin's B-29 was leading a formation to Japan on one of the first great incendiary raids. He had been given the additional duty of shoving phosphorus bombs down a chute near the rear end of the forward crew compartment. These bombs were being used on that mission to spread smoke over a certain area of Japan and thereby aid the other airplanes to make an effective rendezvous. One of Erwin's phosphorus bombs was faulty. It began to sputter and smoke as he put it into the chute. The sputtering phosphorus flew into his face, ate part of his nose away, and blinded him. The stuff splattered on his clothes, on his hands, inside his shirt. It burned the way the top of a faulty match burns when it drops on the back of your hand. The airplane quickly filled with smoke and fumes, and the pilot lost control of it. It went into a spin. Erwin knew what to do and he did it. A phosphorus bomb weighs about twenty pounds. Erwin pulled the sputtering bomb out of the chute, picked it up in his bare hands, and started carrying it to the nearest openings—the pilots' windows. From where he was, this was a distance of about twenty feet. He couldn't see, so he felt his way along the passage with his shoulders, holding the bomb in his hands.

In a B-29 certain crew members have tables to work on during a flight, tables which, when raised, cut off this passage. The navigator's table was raised when Erwin got to it. The navigator didn't know what was going on, for he was blinded by the smoke and fumes, as was everybody else in the airplane, and was sitting with his back to the table, having swung around in his swivel chair. Erwin felt the table against his thighs. He held the bomb then for a few seconds in one hand, resting it against his chest, and with the other unlatched the table and lowered it so he could get by. All the time the bomb was sputtering and burning, throwing white-hot phosphorus all around. Erwin carried it on to the front of the compartment. The pilot and co-pilot had opened

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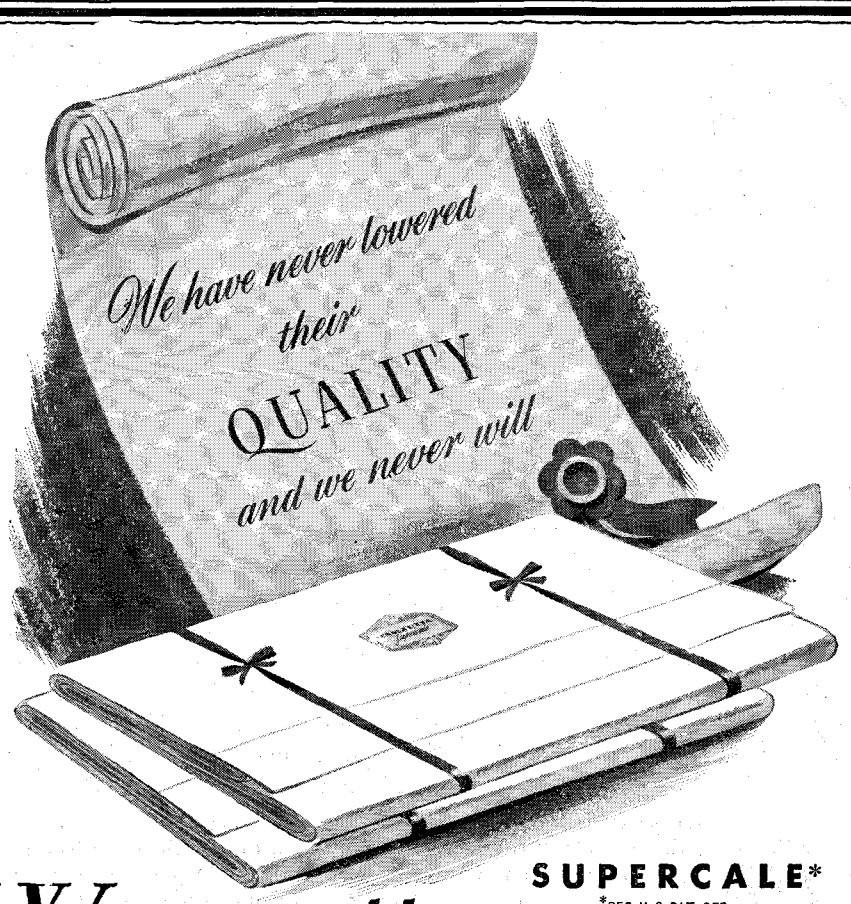

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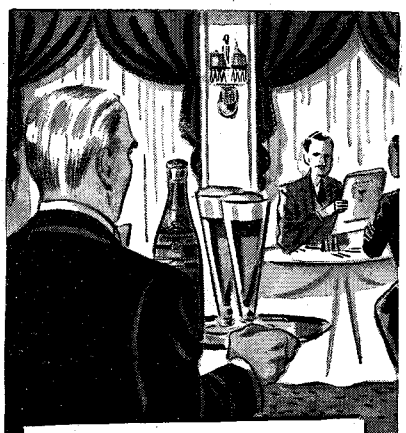

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their windows, trying to get rid of the fumes and smoke. Erwin threw the bomb out the co-pilot's window. Then he walked a few steps back toward his post, near the other end of the compartment, and fell.

The pilot managed to bring the airplane out of its spin three hundred feet above land a few seconds after that. In a few seconds more, a crew member managed to get a hatch open and the smoke and fumes cleared away. Then the pilot jettisoned the rest of his load of incendiaries, turned around, and made for Iwo Jima, the nearest piece of friendly land, while the rest of the crew did what they could for Erwin. His face was burned all over and his nose was half gone. The flesh around his eyes was raw, his skin was blistering, and it seemed certain to his comrades that he would never see again. His hands were burned to the bones. His shirt and pants were afire when the crew got to him and the skin under his clothes was burned away.

Erwin has just been returned to the United States by air, along with other injured and wounded from the Pacific, and is now in a hospital near his home in Alabama. His eyes are all right. His face, hands, arms, and other parts of his body will require some skin grafting. The doctors think that a good job can be done on his face and that he will be able to live a normal life after several months of hospitalization and convalescence.

At the Twentieth Air Force Headquarters, in the Pentagon Building, a dossier has been started on Erwin for the Air Forces archives by the Chief of Staff of the Twentieth Air Force, Brigadier General Lauris Norstad, because Norstad thinks Erwin's act is one of the greatest instances of sustained self-sacrifice he has ever heard of. There is in this file, among other things, a copy of a letter Erwin wrote to his mother on Mother's Day, 1944, when he was in training in New Mexico. Some of Erwin's letters to his mother and to his wife, whom he married a month or two before he went overseas, were copied at his home by an officer from the Twentieth Air Force headquarters and put into the file as evidence of the kind of young man Erwin is. The letter to his mother goes as follows:

Hope and trust you are well. As for myself, I am O.K. Hope you had a wonderful Mother's Day today because you are a wonderful Mother to me and I love you very much, even though I sometimes don't show it. My love for you, though, Mom, is of the silent type, because all my life you've been a wonderful influence to me and I really never have shown you how much I appreciated it outwardly. But believe me very much, Mom, all my life I've tried to make you proud of me by doing what I thought was right. I know you don't say much to me, but you're a wonderful Mother, the best of 'em all. I guess every boy must think that of his mother, though, or he should. I wish I could give you everything, Mom, but I suppose I'll just be a hardworking fellow all my life, but as the saying goes, "Money isn't everything." Human companionship and friendship are the best. I suppose I've said enough. Could say more, but this is enough.

Erwin invariably put somewhere in his letters to his mother and to his wife the phrase: "As for myself, I am O.K." He calls his wife Cupcake. He wrote to her nearly every day he was in the Pacific, and she wrote as often to him. "Hi, Cupcake," he would write. "Hope and trust this finds you well. As for myself, I am O.K." The same phrase appears in a letter to her that he dictated after he was decorated in the hospital on Guam, to which he was flown from Iwo Jima after the Army surgeons had done what they could for him at the field hospital there. A photograph of him taken that day shows him lying in his cot, bandaged from head to foot, with a tube coming out of the bandage over his face. He breathed and was fed through the tube. The crew whose lives he saved, and who are still flying and fighting out there, are standing around him, admiring the medal.

Erwin's phrase, with a slight revision of pronouns, seems as good a one as any to describe the people of the Twenty-first Bomber Command in the Marianas. As for themselves, they are O.K.

—St. Clair McKelway

(This is the last of four articles on the Twenty-first Bomber Command.)

•

Pasadena.—Dismissal of the perjury charges against Thomas Pierson Jr., 2, who was alleged to have falsified his age to marry his 15-year-old bride, Faye Marie Greer, last September, was taken under advisement by Superior Judge Frank C. Collier here today—while the young husband was passing out cigars.—*Los Angeles Examiner.*

Probably lied to get the cigars, too.

•

DEPT. OF ENGLISH LITERATURE
(DELAYED ACTION DIVISION)

[*From a story by Richard Sale in the Saturday Evening Post*]

"Good," George said sweetly, "by." . . .
"Not," Alec said, "one wee word." . . .
"Go," Alec growled, "away." . . .
"Get out of," Sally cried with fire. "here!"

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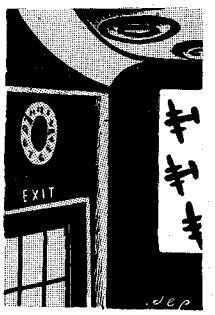
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Flizon Horzis

AN acute shortage of practically everything hit the cinema last week, and the customers were obliged to get along on a diet composed almost exclusively of calves' brains. The most nearly digestible item on the menu was something called "Murder, He Says," starring Fred MacMurray, and we might as well sample that first. Though essentially a demonstration of how cleverly thirty minutes of entertainment can be stretched out into ninety minutes of tedium, just by repeating everything three times, the picture was rather better than most of its species—melodramatic farce, I guess you'd call it—because some of the jokes were fair enough the first time around.



With its repetitions dissected out as far as possible, the story deals with an investigator for the Trotter Poll (Mr. MacMurray) who has strayed into the Jukes-Kallikak country to check up on living conditions in the household of a family called Fleagle. Mr. MacMurray gets his first indication that the Fleagles are not precisely like other people when he is chased into an abandoned well by a phosphorescent hound. Then, after being rescued by Mrs. Fleagle, an irritable matron who can pick flies off a wall with a bull whip, he is taken up to the house to meet the rest of the family, which includes a pair of twins, identical to the extent of being played by the same actor; Mr. Johnson, a dissolute scientist (the incandescent dog is a by-product of one of his experiments); and Grandma, who also glows very prettily in the dark, for she, too, has been treated with phosphorus. All these wayward types are looking for a $70,000 bankroll said to have been concealed around the premises by a female cousin, at the moment supposed to be doing a little stretch for armed robbery.

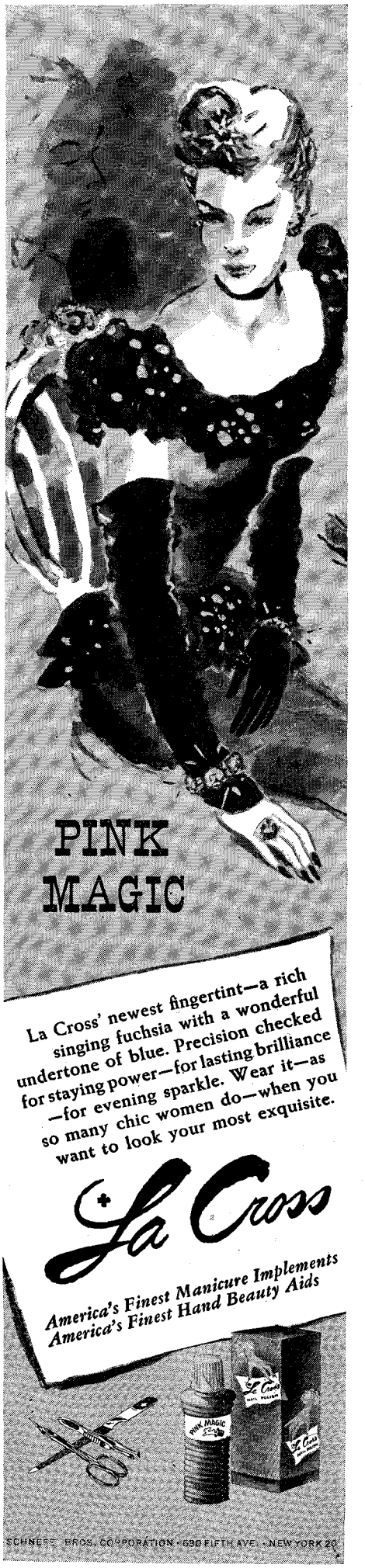
From here on, things get more complex. Grandma dies, burning out like an old electric light, and the general impression is that she has confided the secret of the treasure to Mr. MacMurray, though actually the only clue is a scrap of song, stitched on a sampler and going:

Flizon horzis
Beezin komzis
Onches nobis
Inob keezis

Simple as this may seem to students of "Mairzy Doats," it takes Mr. MacMurray quite a while to figure out that the keys everybody is looking for are hidden in a knob on a chest. In fairness, however, it must be said that most of the time the industrious Fleagles are either shooting at him, trying to feed him phosphorus, or dropping him through trapdoors. As you can see, a good deal of thought has gone into "Murder, He Says," perhaps a little too much.

IN "The Last Hill," another of those robust Russian films that have an enthusiastic but limited audience, the six survivors of a bombed warship are ordered to salvage her guns and hold the road to Sevastopol. There is a good deal of kissing, singing, and drinking, and the heroine, deciding to get in the fight too, turns up one morning with a rifle and a bucket of cabbage soup. With her assistance, the six destroy ten Nazi tanks before their ammunition gives out and then die heroically, taking still more of the enemy with them. Apparently there is a song, well known to Sevastopolians, that goes, "In this place, one is either a colonel or a dead man." It is easy to believe. . . . "Robert Young is the aviator hero of 'Those Endearing Young Charms,' a film adapted from a play that was no good either," notes the member of this bureau who felt obliged to attend it. "It has something to do with his attempted seduction of Laraine Day, an innocent young woman whose regular young man is a jitterbug, which, of course, is rather tough on her, since she is on her feet all day at a perfume counter. For no other reason that I could see, she falls madly in love with Mr. Young and after a lot of tiresome fuss wrings an honorable proposal out of him"..." 'Bedside Manner,' " according to the same authority, "*really* seems to have been written on the set. Its heroine (Ruth Hussey) is quite a specimen, simultaneously practicing plastic surgery, psychiatry, and obstetrics and wearing hats that look as if they came from John-Frederics. For one reason and another, she is persuaded to go to work on a handsome pilot (John Carroll) who is pretending he is crazy and hides in the cellar with a pet duck. The humor reaches its climax when Miss Hussey brings out a jar of bees and applies them to him, more or less all over."

—W. G.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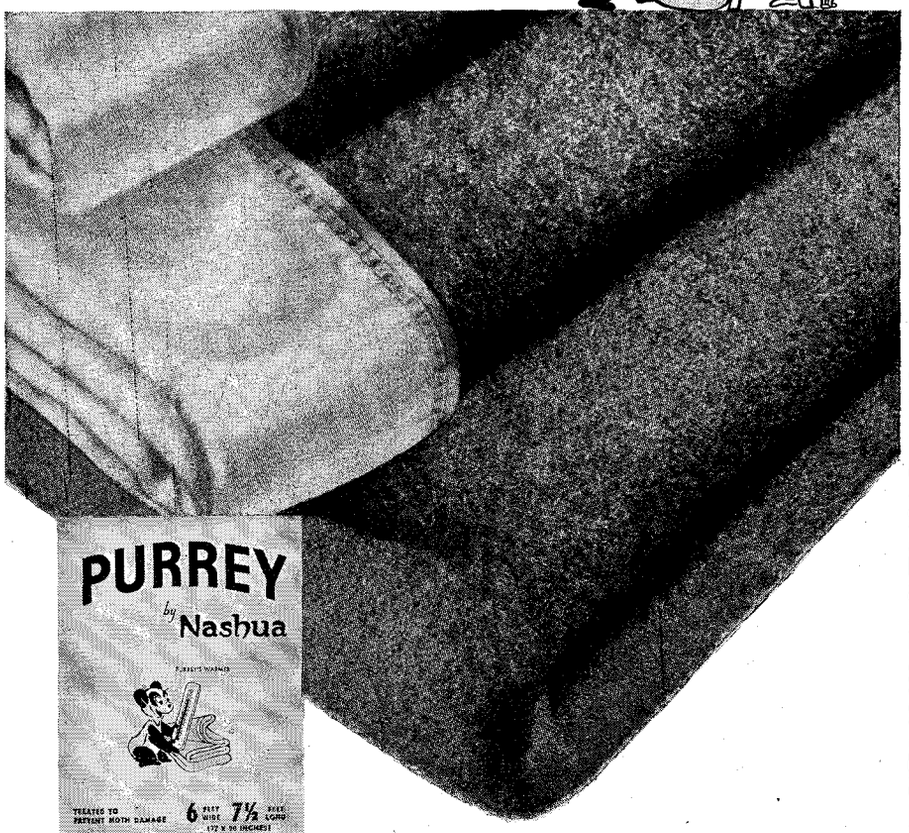

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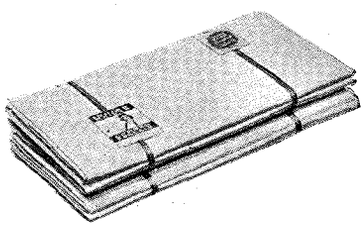

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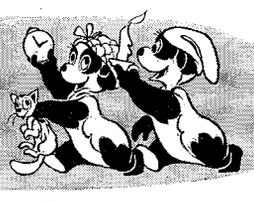

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CASE HISTORIES, OR, MOTHER WAS A GOOSE

Not long ago, it seems to me,
A mother was the thing to be.
No other state could quite confer
Such glory on the humble her.

Though she were ignorant, though she had
Warts, or were mean, or merely bad,
If she was Mother, she was shriven
Of sin, respected, and forgiven.

A maid, once she secured a kiss,
Was almost sure of wedded bliss
And wore as Mother (if a wife)
The Distinguished Service Cross for life.

Alas! the melancholy fact is
That such is not the present practice.
Now school, psychologist, and novel
Have Mother where she's glad to grovel.

Take Johnnie—no one wants to, but
Sometimes he's good, sometimes he's not.
That's Mother. If he ends in hell,
She loved unwisely and too well.

Or wait—the cause of Johnnie's fall
Might be he had no love at all.
At least, the culprit can't be hid.
It's Mother, didn't she or did.

Girls kissed too often (or unkissed)
Now go to a psychiatrist
And there, unhappily, peruse
Case histories from Mother Goose.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
His mother pauperized the lad—
Or else she gave him all she had.

Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his stockings on;
His mother loved his faithless father—
Or she was cold and spurned him, rather.

Georgy porgy, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls an' made them cry;
His mother spanked him when quite small—
Or else she didn't spank at all.

Charley loves good cake and ale,
Charley loves good candy;
His mother let her bosom fail—
Or fed whenever handy.

Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall;
His mother taught the child to loaf—
Or maybe pushed the clumsy oaf?

These histories palpably annoyed,
In childhood, little Sigmund Freud,
Who made his mind up then and there
To track the criminal to her lair,

Teaching us that the first mistake
We infants are impelled to make,
And cause of any dreadful other,
Is having ever had a mother.

—VIRGINIA WOODS BELLAMY

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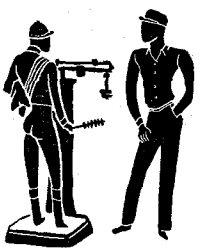
THE RACE TRACK

Arcaro and Blinkers

WHAT most perplexed the forty thousand horseplayers who were trying to figure out who would win the Belmont Stakes last Saturday was which of the starters could actually run a mile and a half. One man, an authority on pedigrees and figure systems, thought that none of them could do it. He said that very likely they would all give up and sit down at the top of the stretch. (There is an old wives' tale that in one of those endurance races out West, several years ago, a horse really did stop, lean for a moment against the fence a furlong from home, and then go on to win.) After a fearful examination of the past performances of the runners in the Belmont, it seemed to me reasonable that some such thing might happen.



Well, as you know, Pavot won the Belmont easily. If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I wouldn't have believed it possible that Walter Jeffords' colt could improve so much in a week. He tired so badly after going a mile in the Preakness that I was sure the only way he could do a mile and a half would be in a horse van. In the Belmont, however, he seemed inexhaustible. He was always fairly close to the unreasonably fast pace, but he didn't begin to take a real interest in things for quite a while. However, after passing the mile mark, he scooted into the lead as quick as a rabbit and came home half a dozen lengths ahead of Wildlife. Jeep was a very tired third. Pavot's time was 2:30⅕, faster than Whirlaway ran in the same race four years ago, and altogether it was an amazing performance.

Some observers think Pavot won because he wore blinkers, which, in addition to making an animal look straight ahead, have always been a trainers' panacea. (He didn't wear them in the Preakness or the Withers, you may recall.) Others feel that being ridden by Arcaro turned the trick. Although I don't want to do less than justice to Pavot, that's my opinion too. By the way, Arcaro was also offered the mount on Jeep, with whom he had won the Peter Pan Handicap earlier in the week, but with an eye on the jockey's ten-percent share of the winner's $52,670 purse, he declined because he didn't believe that Jeep could win at the distance. Arcaro is not infallible at picking his mounts, but his average is high.

THE three-year-old fillies who ran for the Coaching Club American Oaks seem no better than they should be. In the race, Elpis, who belongs to William Helis and who never won before she came to Belmont, made short work of Colonel C. V. Whitney's Monsoon and Recce. Colonel Whitney had better luck in the National Stallion Stakes, in which his Enfilade, who radiates quality, won the $12,845 purse in a close finish with Harvey's Pal, from the Maine Chance Farm. My two-year-old of the week, however, was Glen Riddle Farm's War Kilt, just about the last of the daughters of the now almost legendary Man o' War.

IF Ed Bradley listened to the broadcast of the Santa Anita Derby last Saturday, and I'm sure he did, he was probably shouting, "Come on, Bymeabond! Come on, Busher!," because Bymeabond (now owned by J. K. Houssels), who won the race, and Busher (now owned by Louis B. Mayer), who finished second, ran for him last year. Several months ago Houssels paid Bradley $25,000 for Bymeabond. It wasn't a bad investment; his share of the Derby purse was $37,245. Busher was sold last winter. The other afternoon somebody asked Bradley why he had sold Busher, his best three-year-old. "Fifty thousand dollars," Bradley said blandly.

HERE we are at Aqueduct again. You may be pleased to know that the racing will be transferred back to Belmont for the afternoon of July 4th, because the Queens County Jockey Club track isn't large enough to accommodate the crowd that is expected to try to see the Brooklyn Handicap. Something that may recommend Aqueduct to you is that steeplechasing and hurdle racing have been dropped for this meeting. In case you didn't keep count, nine horses were killed in races through the field in the three weeks at Belmont this year. —AUDAX MINOR

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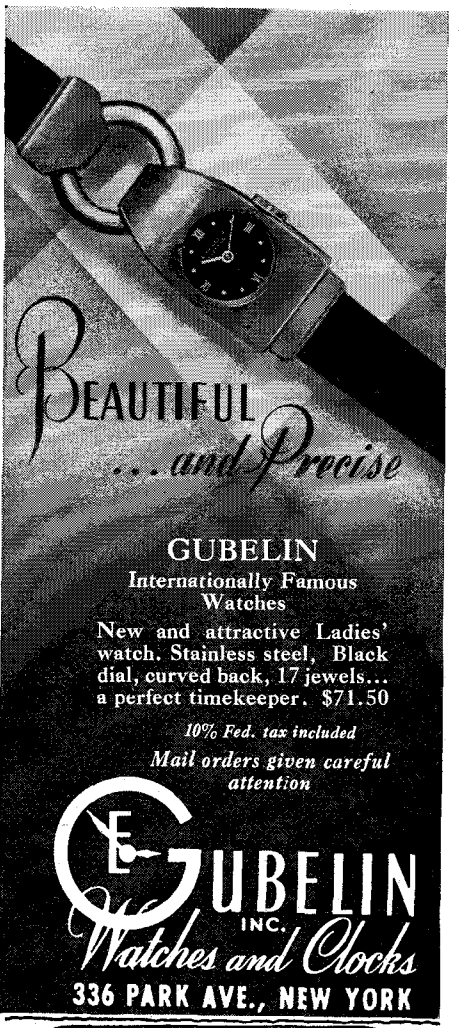
Write or call Robert, Maitre de Hotel. —*From an adv. in The New Yorker, de magazine classy.*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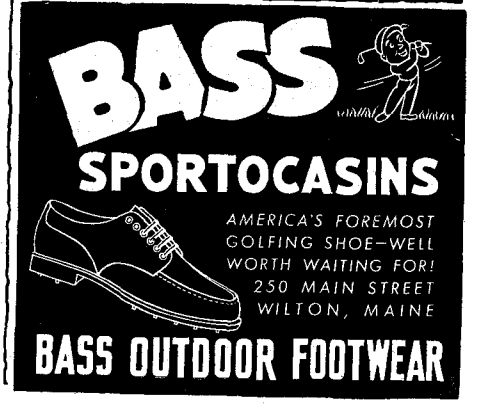

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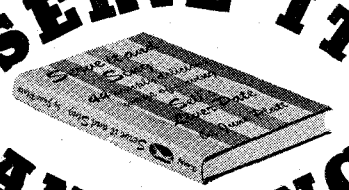

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Outdoors and In

THE twenty-eighth season of the Stadium Concerts opened last week with a Tchaikovsky program and intermittent rain. Happily, there was a good deal more Tchaikovsky than there was rain. After giving a somewhat matter-of-fact exposition of Tchaikovsky's "Mozartiana" suite, the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra and the evening's conductor, Artur Rodzinski, delivered a sturdy and resounding performance of the composer's fifth symphony. The evening wound up with Nathan Milstein's brilliant playing of the Tchaikovsky violin concerto. There were ovations for Tchaikovsky, the orchestra, the conductor, the soloist, and for addresses by Mayor LaGuardia and Sam A. Lewisohn, honorary chairmen of the Stadium Concerts. Only one man didn't get his just deserts in this outbreak of enthusiasm—whoever was responsible for the operation of the electrical amplification system, which seemed to be functioning better than at any other Stadium opening.

After a couple of musical evenings had been eliminated by rain that was anything but intermittent, the concerts got around to a second session, this time with Alexander Smallens conducting the Philharmonic and James Melton as soloist. That concert was a rather unusual one, for it was actually two programs in one—a section chiefly of American orchestral music and another section of familiar songs sung by Mr. Melton. There were several Stadium first-timers among the orchestra's offerings that night—William Schuman's "Side Show," solid, effective, and high-spirited; Robert Russell Bennett's bright and charming arrangement of a dozen of the melodies Richard Rodgers wrote for "Oklahoma!;" and Arthur Benjamin's brisk little "Jamaican Rumba." M. Smallens, a versatile man, took charge of everything with his usual efficiency and enthusiasm. Mr. Melton, after a somewhat uncertain start, sang with his customary appeal and drew so much applause that he added a short encore concert.

THE Goldman Band concerts, which are also in their twenty-eighth season, are presented at the Central Park Mall on Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, and at Prospect Park, in Brooklyn, on the other nights of the week. These free concerts are the gift of the Daniel and Florence Guggenheim Foundation. Mr. Goldman, who is a pioneering musician as well as an able conductor, is giving various programs these evenings. His plans for the summer include, for example, concerts devoted to Bach, Verdi, Sullivan, Schubert, to band music, and to such specialties as the annual music-memory contest, which will be August 1st, at the Mall. This contest, I might add, is a tough one unless you are thoroughly up on your band repertories.

ONE of the most interesting and unusual of the last indoor concerts of the season was a Town Hall program of original compositions by Alan Hovhaness, whose music is based on Armenian folklore and folk music. The composer directed a capable string orchestra and had the assistance of several accomplished soloists, among them Maro Ajemian, who played the piano solo in Mr. Hovhaness's unorthodox concerto "Lousadzak." Miss Ajemian did an impressive job. It was obvious that Mr. Hovhaness has an individual style of writing and can create tonal patterns skillfully. You will probably hear him represented at orchestral events before long. —ROBERT A. SIMON

•

A slowing up doesn't always occur because a new stage in the learning process is encountered. The student may stop progressing because he has just learned something else that interferes—like starting to study French when he is still not far along in Spanish. Or other matters may take his attention off the learning job—like worry about gambling or love.

In fact, one of the worst plateau producers is falling in love.

Fatigue also slows progress.—*Infantry Journal.*

Yes, and love brings on fatigue.

•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "Tragic Ground," by Erskine Caldwell*]

She was small and slender like Libby, and her dark brown hair was carefully combed.—*Page 61.*

Her blonde hair was piled on top of her head in a mass of curls and waves.—*Same character, page 137.*

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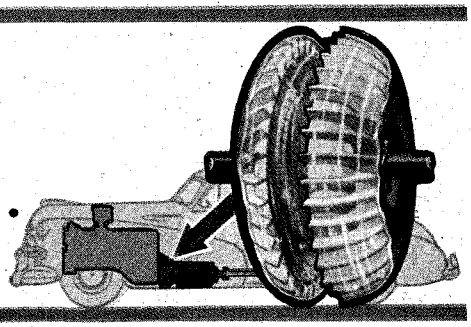
ONE PART OF HYDRA-MATIC DRIVE IS ITS FLUID COUPLING . . .



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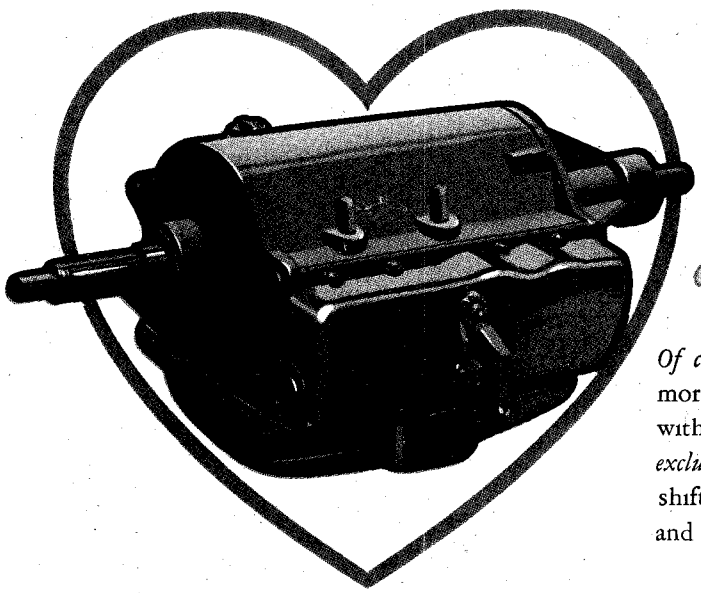

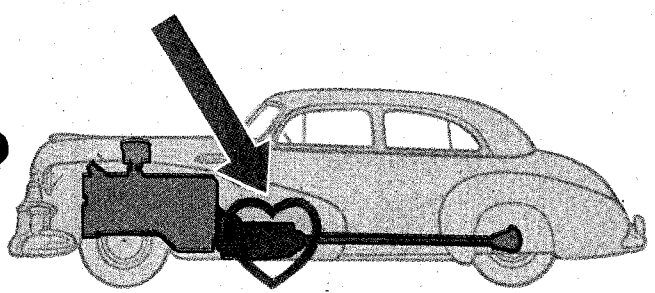

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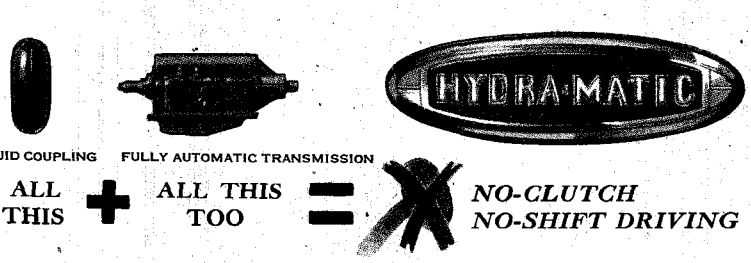

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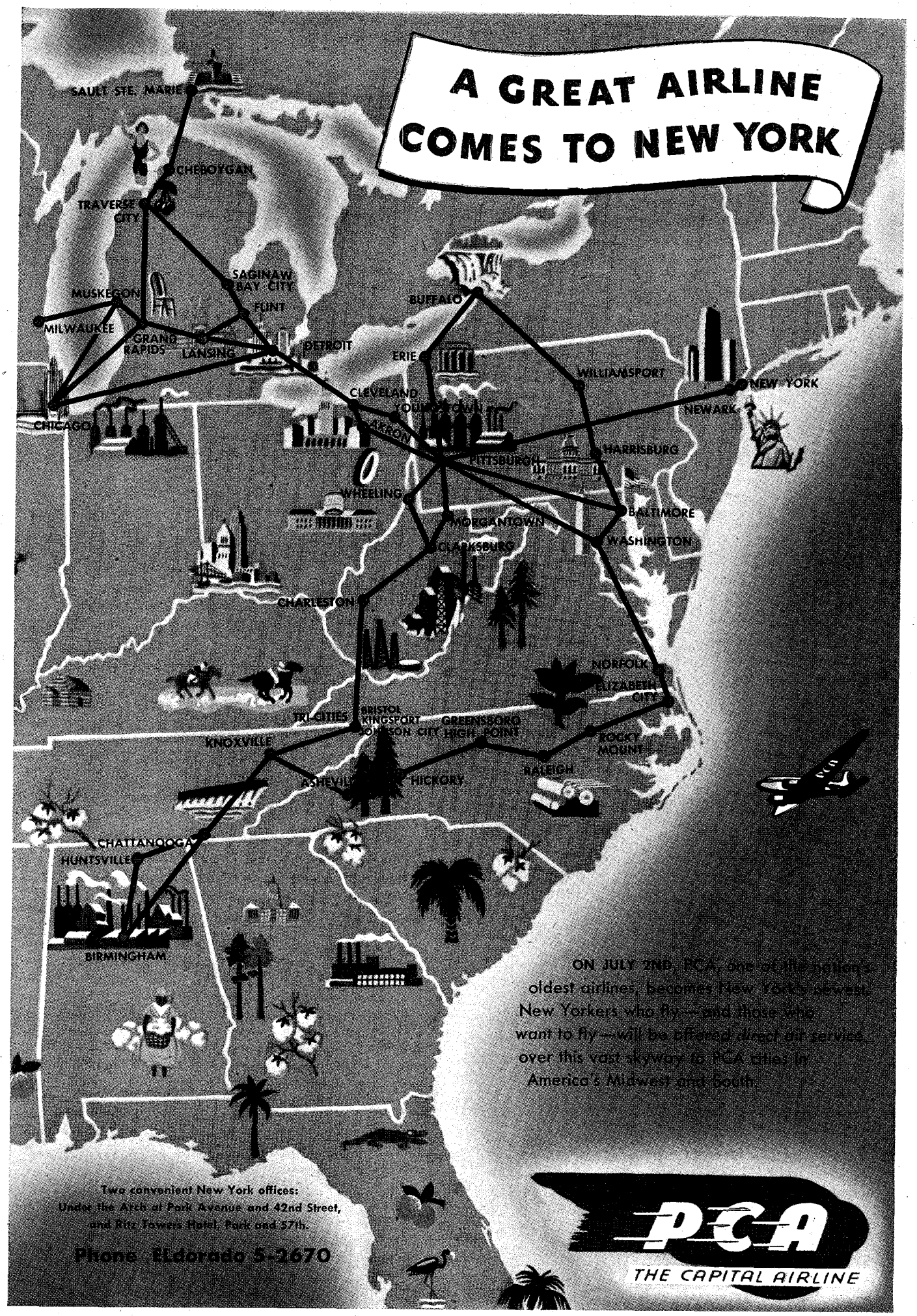

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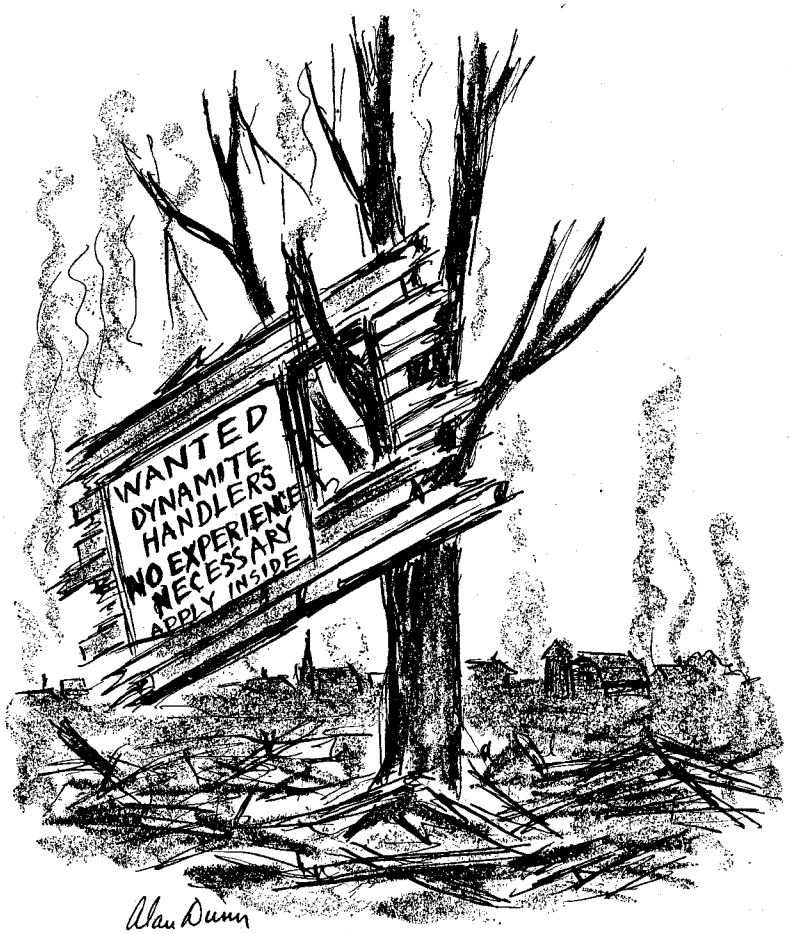
BOOKS

Third Act and Epilogue

F. Scott Fitzgerald used to say that there were no second acts in American lives, but there was a second and even a third act in his own. After the glitter of his early success (he was a best-selling novelist at twenty-three), after the long disillusionment that was the theme of almost all his stories from "The Great Gatsby" in 1925 to "Tender Is the Night" in 1934, there was a crisis, a feeling of complete mental and physical exhaustion. That was the third act, and it came near being the end of the play, but before his death, in 1940, at the age of forty-four, there was a little-known epilogue in Hollywood that was a drama in itself. The whole story, and especially the end of it, can be pieced together for the first time from "The Crack-Up" (New Directions), a volume of Fitzgerald's literary remains that Edmund Wilson, his friend from Princeton days, has edited with the critical sense one might expect of him and not a little friendly discretion. The volume contains a number of autobiographical pieces, including some very good ones, that Fitzgerald wrote for various magazines; a series of extracts from his literary notebooks; sixty-odd letters to his daughter and his close friends, a sampling short enough to make one wish for more; and a brief selection of letters to Fitzgerald and essays and poems about him. The book is obviously not intended for consecutive reading, but it makes excellent reading in snatches; you can open it almost anywhere and find lively writing and painfully honest self-judgment. Moreover, it deals with a novelist whose work and character, for all their shortcomings, have a way of holding our affection, like the life and work of Stephen Crane.

More than any other writer of these times, Fitzgerald had the sense of living in history. He tried hard to catch the color of every passing year: its distinctive slang, its dance steps, its songs (he kept making lists of them in his notebooks), its favorite quarterbacks, and the sort of clothes and emotions its people wore. He felt in the beginning that his own life was not merely typical but representative of a new generation; he could look inside himself and tell quite accurately how others would soon be thinking. Even in his later years he continued to be grateful to the Jazz Age because, he said, writing about himself in the third person, "It bore him up, flattered him, and gave him more money than he had dreamed of, simply for telling people that he felt as they did." He came to believe that he had helped to fix the patterns followed by people a little younger than himself. Thus, in one of his notebooks, he said of an unnamed relative that she was still a flapper in the nineteen-thirties. "There is no doubt," he added, "that she originally patterned herself upon certain immature and unfortunate writings of mine, so that I have a special indulgence for —— as for one who has lost an arm or leg in one's service." He was a little wry about the Fitzgerald characters he kept encountering in life. One anecdote has been printed before, but it is worth repeating as he set it down in a notebook when he was living in Baltimore. It concerns a young man, a stranger, who telephoned Fitzgerald from a distant city, then from a city nearby, then from downtown, to announce his coming. At last the man drove up to the house, Fitzgerald noted, "with a great ripping up of garden borders, a four-ply rip in a new lawn, a watch pointing accurately and unforgivably at 3 A.M. But he was prepared to disarm me with the force of his compliment, the intensity of the impulse that had brought him to my door. 'Here I am at last,' he said, teetering triumphantly. 'I had to see you. I feel I owe you more than I can say. I feel that you formed my life.' "

Fitzgerald was himself the principal victim of his capacity for creating fictional types. "Sometimes," he told another visitor late at night, "I don't know whether I'm real or whether I'm a character in one of my own novels." His early success had made him feel like the hero of a fairy tale. In 1919 he was working in a New York advertising agency for thirty-five dollars a week. He was engaged, he told his friends in his flamboyant fashion, "to the most beautiful girl in Alabama *and* Georgia." He had met her at the Governor's ball in Montgomery, when he was serving in the Army as aide-de-camp to General J. A. Ryan. That spring she broke off their engagement because it seemed that they would never have money enough to marry. He gave up his job, went on a long spree, and then went home to St. Paul, where he wrote "This Side of



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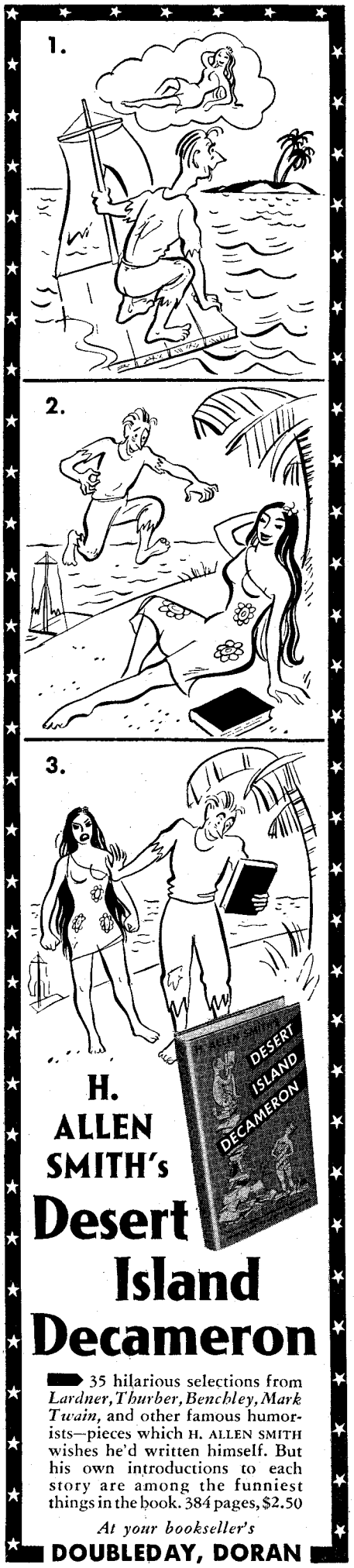
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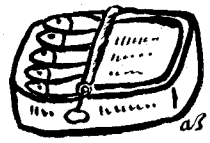
Paradise." He also sold a few magazine stories and earned, during the year, eight hundred dollars as a writer. In 1920, when his novel was published, he made eighteen thousand dollars. He married the girl and brought her to New York, where, he wrote, they wandered about "like children in a great bright unexplored barn." A few days later, he was "riding in a taxi one afternoon between very tall buildings under a mauve and rosy sky; I began to bawl because I had everything I wanted and knew I would never be so happy again." And, remembering that he had been penniless and jilted not long before, he also felt that he "would always cherish an abiding distrust, an animosity, toward the leisure class—not the conviction of a revolutionist but the smoldering hatred of a peasant. In the years since then I have never been able to stop wondering where my friends' money came from, nor to stop thinking that at one time a sort of *droit de seigneur* might have been exercised to give one of them my girl."



He cultivated a sort of double vision. He was continually trying to present the glitter of life in the Princeton eating clubs, on the Riviera, on the North Shore of Long Island, and in the Hollywood studios; he surrounded his characters with a mist of admiration and simultaneously he drove the mist away. He always liked to write about "where the milk is watered and the sugar is sanded, the rhinestone passed for diamond and the stucco for stone." It was as if all his novels described a big dance to which he had taken, as he once wrote, the prettiest girl:

There was an orchestra—Bingo-Bango
Playing for us to dance the tango
And the people all clapped as we arose,
For her sweet face and my new clothes—

and as if at the same time he stood outside the ballroom, a little Midwestern boy with his nose to the glass, wondering how much the tickets cost and who paid for the music. He regarded himself as a pauper living among millionaires, a peasant among the nobility, and he said that his point of vantage "was the dividing line between two generations," prewar and postwar. It was this habit of keeping a double point of view that distinguished his work. There were popular and serious novelists in his time, but there was something of a gulf between them; Fitzgerald was one of the very few popular writers who were also serious artists. There were realists and romantics; Fitzgerald was among the wildest of the romantics, but he was also among the few Americans who tried, like Stendhal in France, to make the romance real by showing its causes and its consequences. It did not matter too much that the causes were trivial and the consequences often tragic or sordid. "After all," he wrote in one of his notebooks, "any given moment has its value; it can be questioned in the light of after-events, but the moment remains. The young prince in velvet gathered in lovely domesticity around the queen among the hush of rich draperies may presently grow up to be Pedro the Cruel or Charles the Mad, but the moment of beauty was there."

"I am probably one of the most expert liars in the world," he said in his notes, "and expect everyone to discount nine-tenths of what I say, but I have made two rules in attempting to be both an intellectual and a man of honor simultaneously—*that I do not tell lies that will be of value to myself*, and secondly, *that I do not lie to myself*." It is a difficult technical problem to tell the truth in fiction; often a writer falls into conventional lies simply because he can't find the right words or turns of phrase to express what he is trying to say. Fitzgerald, who regarded himself primarily as a craftsman, had both the technique and the need for being honest. He said in a notebook at the time of his own crisis, "I have asked a lot of my emotions—one hundred and twenty stories. The price was high, right up with Kipling, because there was one little drop of something—not blood, not a tear, not my seed, but me more intimately than these, in every story, it was the extra I had. Now it is gone and I am just like you now."

His crisis, in 1935 and 1936, was caused by a series of big and little misfortunes: serious illness (a recurrence, he said, of tuberculosis, from which he had suffered briefly in college), family troubles, insomnia, gin and water, reduced earning power, debts he couldn't pay, and, worst of all, a feeling that he had used up and wasted his abilities. His mistake, he wrote, was "an over-extension of the flank, a burning of the candle at both ends; a call upon physical resources that I did not possess, like a man overdrawing at his bank. . . . Every act of life from the morning toothbrush to the friend at dinner had become an effort." Now that he couldn't sleep, his days and nights were jumbled together: "In the real dark night of the soul," he wrote, "it is al-

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ways three o'clock in the morning, day after day." There was a moment when he felt suddenly that he had cracked, as an old plate cracks. He tried running away from himself; one day, having left his home in Baltimore, he arrived in a town in North Carolina with seventy cents in his pocket. He lived for two days on tinned meat and soda crackers, washed down with two cans of beer, while he wrote a story to pay his hotel bill; then he went home again to his problems. There was something in his character, a Midwestern toughness or an Irish Puritanism, that would not let him give in; he made the best of whatever was left to him. "Sometimes," he wrote, "the cracked plate has to be retained in the pantry, has to be kept in service as a household necessity. It can never again be warmed on the stove nor shuffled with the other plates in the dishpan; it will not be brought out for company, but it will do to hold crackers late at night or go into the icebox under leftovers."

Fitzgerald went to Hollywood in 1937 to make a new start. What happened during the next four years is outlined or suggested in his letters, and it is, on the whole, a more heartening story than I had expected to read. Fitzgerald stopped drinking, worked at writing second-rate movies, paid off most of his debts, kept up his life insurance, and started a novel about the motion-picture industry, "The Last Tycoon." In the end his heart gave out, from overwork. For some years there had been months of acute illness and day and night nurses, and other months of convalescence during which his activities were regulated by a clinical thermometer. When his temperature rose to 99.6, he had to rest all day; when it was only 99.2, he could write in bed in the afternoons; when it fell to 99, he disregarded the doctor's warning and looked around for another studio job. Meanwhile, the novel was going ahead slowly. "It is first-hand," he said in his last letter to Edmund Wilson, "and I am trying a little harder than I ever have to be exact and honest emotionally. I honestly hoped somebody else would write it but nobody seems to be going to." In a letter to his daughter he said, "I am not a great man but sometimes I think the impersonal and objective quality of my talent and the sacrifices of it, in pieces, to preserve its essential value has some sort of epic grandeur. Anyhow, after hours I nurse myself with delusions of that sort." "The Last Tycoon," which was published after his death, has all his essential qualities and,

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even in its unfinished state, it is the best of his books. —MALCOLM COWLEY

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

BLACK WEATHER, by Berton Roueché (Reynal & Hitchcock). Whatever else you may think about this short first novel, you will almost certainly be struck by Mr. Roueché's intensely satisfactory sense of form. The story is exactly the right length; one paragraph more or less would have marred it. If this seems a pointless observation, then you have not been exposed to the current crop of too-fat or too-thin fiction. This novel concerns a gentle, unsure young couple who, a few weeks before the wife is to have a baby, go to live in a shabby-genteel rooming house presided over by an evil old spinster with a peculiar brand of perversion. It is this woman's pleasure to give the marriage of the weak young people frequent little shoves, which they have neither the intelligence nor the force to withstand, in the direction of disintegration. Mr. Roueché handles expertly the tensions that grow out of his characters' increasing uncertainty and he leads up quite convincingly to a situation as hopeless as it is inevitable. A quiet but successful first try.

PRELUDE TO NIGHT, by Dayton Stoddart (Coward-McCann). One of those large panoramas of American life for which you are bound to feel respect, even though, in this instance, Mr. Stoddart may not command your admiration as a stylist. The theme (the career of a heel who rises from middle-class obscurity to great wealth and social prominence) has been worn rather thin since Dos Passos created the father of the genre in J. Ward Morehouse, but Mr. Stoddart manages to make more or less the same career extremely interesting. He has included in his long narrative almost all the social phenomena that have distinguished American (and especially New York) life for the past forty years, and dismal reading our monkey-shines of that period make. Mr. Stoddart has the good reporter's unexaggerating eye, a sly enjoyment of the frailties of the human race, and a sense of the sterility of the kind of success he is recording.

THE WAYFARERS, by Dan Wickenden (Morrow). An unpretentious, exceptionally well-told story about an unusual American family in the days just before the beginning of the war. The central figure is the father, who, ten years after the death of his beautiful wife, rouses himself from his grief to take stock of his inadequacy as a parent. The slow growth of his understanding of his children and of the consequences of his absorption in his dead wife, together with the author's portrayal of the interaction of a number of highly sensitive characters, make, in a quiet way, as true and intelligent a new novel as you are likely to encounter at the moment.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND FATHER SMITH, by Bruce Marshall (Houghton Mifflin). It's hard to make the peculiar charm of this novel sound convincing. The story is about nothing more dramatic than the life of a parish priest in a Scottish town from 1908 up to the present. It is written with simplicity, a serious, G. K. Chesterton reverence, and a touch (not too offensive) of sentimentality. Such things as a group of fluttery French nuns, parochial gossip, and Father Smith's hopes and disappointments are bound together by only the most tenuous plot, and yet there is in this brief narrative a delicate but very real vitality.

GENERAL

FLOWERING DUSK, by Ella Young (Longmans, Green). A mosaic of memories, very Celtic and very fey, by one of the leading members of the group of Irish poets, painters, and dramatists that included William Butler Yeats, Lady Gregory, A. E., James Stephens, and Padraic Colum. Miss Young is rather a charming writer, with a sensitive ear for language and a deep affection for the myths and fables of her native land, and her book, in which she tells the story of her life, ought to be of considerable interest to everyone who cares about the so-called Celtic Renaissance. However, people who don't believe in fairies and fairy music may find the atmosphere of other-worldliness much too rarefied at times.

MY BROTHER AMERICANS, by Carlos P. Romulo (Doubleday, Doran). A non-stop love letter to America and the American people by the brisk and energetic Filipino military man who is now Resident Commissioner of the Philippines. Not long ago, General Romulo went on a lecture tour across this country. Judging by this record of his junket, every single person, place, and thing he saw succeeded in arousing his enthusiasm. It's hard to believe that we're as grand as the General seems to believe, but since he feels as he does and is so extravagant in his praise, it's just as hard to keep from thinking that he is pretty grand, too.

THE PROMISE HITLER KEPT, by Stefan Szende (Roy). This book, originally published in Sweden under the title "The Last Jew from Poland," is the story, even more exciting than most records of its kind, of a man who managed, against all odds, to escape the Nazi noose. The hero, Adolf Folkmann, who told his story to the author, lived for twenty months under the Soviets after the partition of Poland, saw the German invasion of Lwów, survived a hundred pogroms, lived in the ghetto of Lwów until its liquidation, worked for the Germans in a slave gang, and then escaped to Sweden in the fall of 1943. There is a sameness about all the narratives of escape, and what happened in Poland when the Germans took over is now quite generally known, but this account, in that it provides a highly detailed and seemingly authentic record of this particularly hideous chapter in Nazi militarism, has considerable historical value.

TOM PAINE: AMERICA'S GODFATHER, by W. E. Woodward (Dutton). Mr. Woodward, one of our foremost informal historians and no man to run away from a fight, takes on all the detractors, living and dead, of the restless intellectual who helped galvanize the American revolution. The picture of Paine, whom Theodore Roosevelt once called "a filthy little atheist," that has come down to us is viciously distorted, Mr. Woodward says, and in this lively, well-documented, and extremely readable biography he tries to set the record straight. He takes time out, in passing, to give Howard Fast a rap on the knuckles; Fast's novel about Paine comes closer to being a libel than a piece of fiction, Mr. Woodward says, and, on the basis of the record that he presents, the chastisement seems more than well deserved. Illustrated.

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*Headline in the Joplin (Mo.) News Herald*]

KONRAD HENLEIN, THE TRAITOR OF SUDETENLAND, ESCAPES DEATH IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA BY TAKING HIS OWN LIFE

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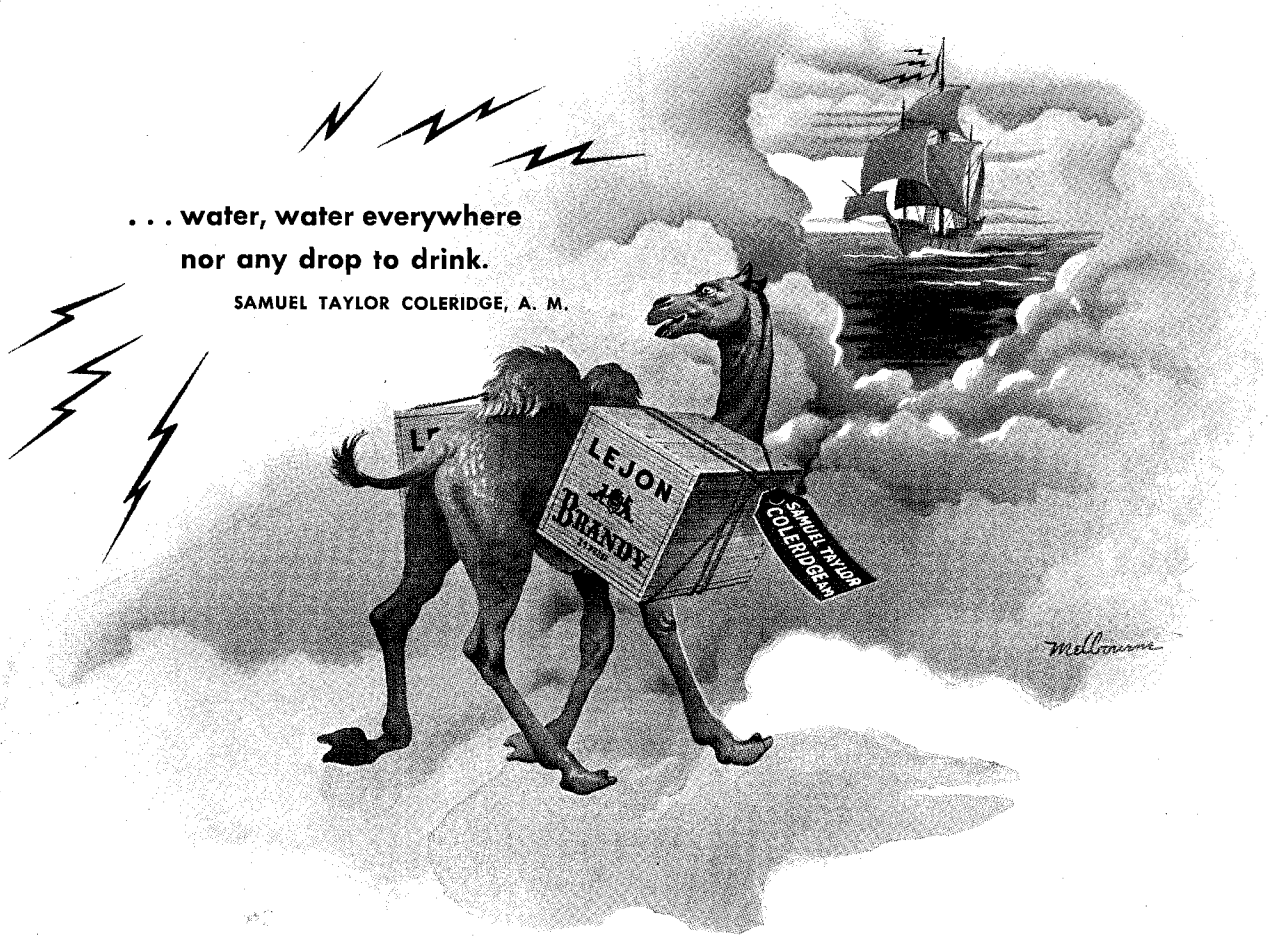

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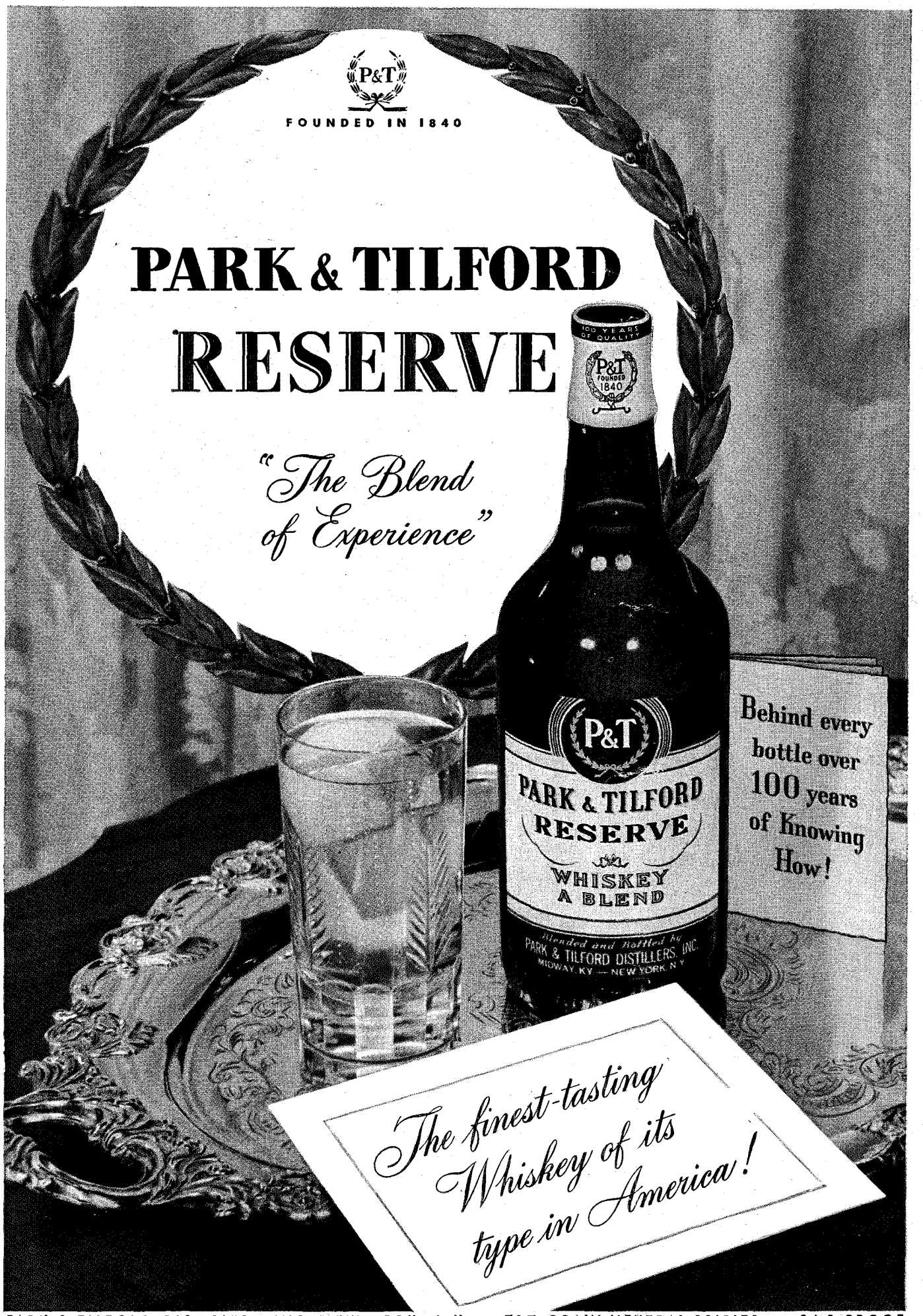

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